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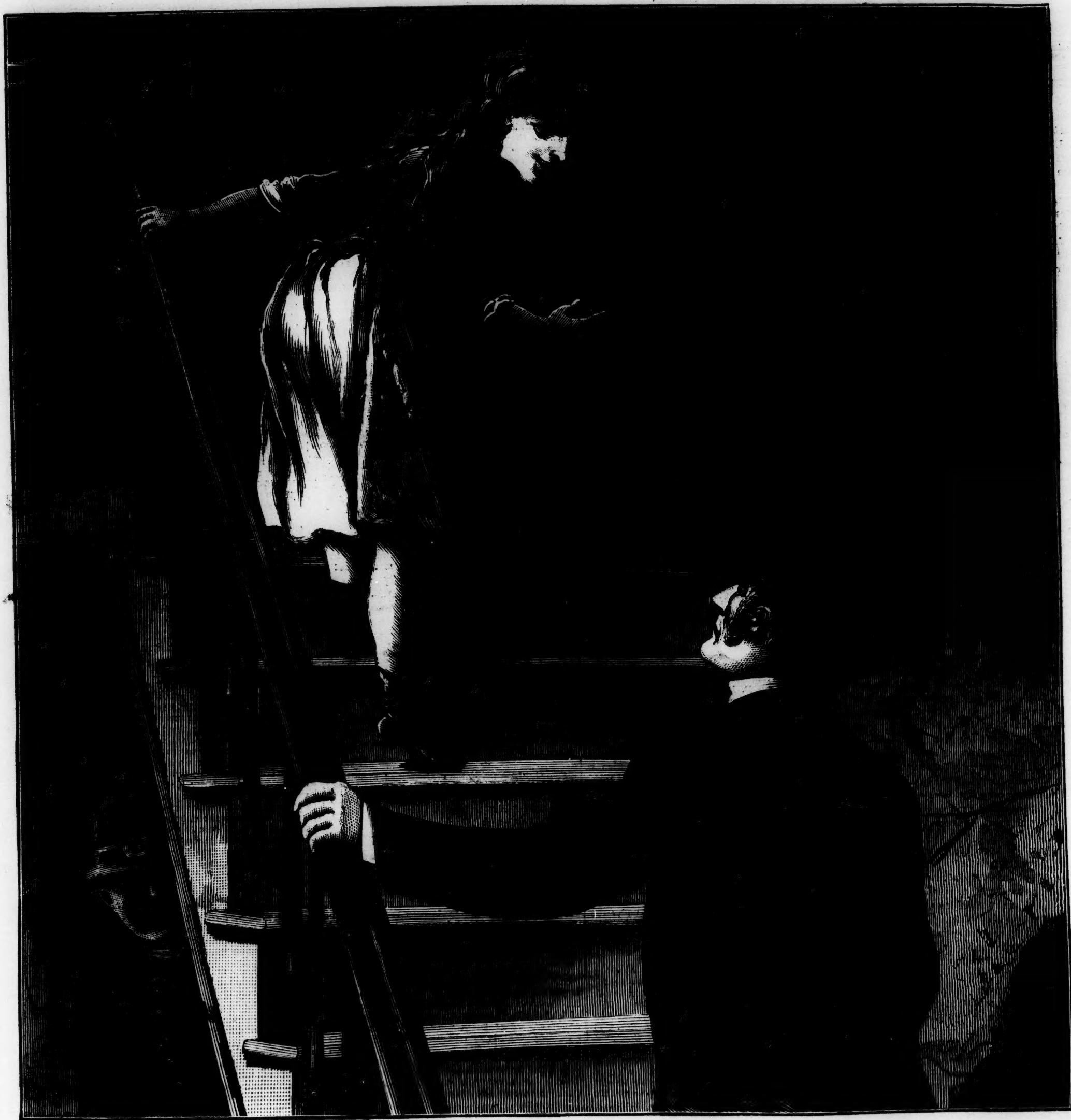
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
ditor and Proprietor.

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ALMOST TRAPPED.

AN EPISCOPAL MINISTER IN NEW YORK JUST MISSES BECOMING THE VICTIM OF A HORRIBLE AND SCANDALOUS
BLACKMAILING RACKET.



ESTABLISHED 1846.

RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,

Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1886.

IMPORTANT.

The publisher will consider it a personal favor if any reader of the POLICE GAZETTE will forward him the name and address of any newsdealer or subscription agent who is not selling this paper.

Sample copies and advertising matter sent free on receipt of postal card.

RICHARD K. FOX,

Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

THE CRIME OF THE AGE.

What is the matter with us all this year of 1886? Under our feet the earth seems to tremble with rage and disgust at the iniquity prospering on its surface. In all the great cities of Christendom, in centers of education and civilization, crimes as monstrous are coming into the glare of publicity and being exposed such as made Sodom and Gomorrah hideous before their destruction, no less atrocious and bestial than those which reconciled the pure minded of their time to the frightful obliteration of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

Hardly had we recovered from the horror and disgust with which we read the *Pall Mall Gazette's* dreadful picture of English girlhood, almost in its infancy, sacrificed to Lust, when one after another civilized communities in America began to belch out confessions of similar enormities. New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Newark, a dozen others, all reek with the reproach that girlhood is not sacred from the depraved appetites of the lewd, and that the vast army of prostitution is now recruited from the school—almost from the nursery.

In the revelations of depravity there is more than a lesson. There is a warning that strikes the parents' heart with cruel force. These little girls have been led by men into the most immoral practices. They have not only been ruined, but so trained that they glory in their degradation and do not think it disgrace. Too young to know the awful consequences, they have yet gone to the extreme of vice.

What can be done about it? The scoundrels can be sent to jail. But virtue cannot be restored. The blunted senses cannot be renewed. The bent toward destruction cannot be changed. Even when the victims have seemed to be reclaimed, there is little left for their later years but the memory of shame. For the parents, if they are worthy the name, there is nothing but such a depth of sorrow as no one but parents can know. There will be no more trust. The innocence in which they took pride betrayed them.

The brazen attitude of these girls is a marvel. They seem lost to conscience. Of tender years, they have the effrontery of graduated crime. They glory in their own fall, and only repent when punishment hangs over them. Such repentance is not more than a shallow pretense.

Their actions show how quickly wickedness ingrafts itself, how the smut of the street soils the garments of the home. It shows, too, the monstrous, the unnatural viciousness of men who could, with children of their own, deliberately drag down the hopes of others. Worse than murderers, they deserve a fate more awful than named in any statute books.

We were the first, in these very columns, to predict this volcanic eruption of lust and vice overthrowing what ought to be the innocence of childhood. We have published over and over again gruesome exposures and thrilling warnings, only to be reviled, abused and contradicted.

Happily, our words of admonition went home to one responsive target, and Mr. Eldridge Gerry, of the Society for Protecting Children, has been a second David in vanquishing the Goliath of lust. To him we accord all credit and praise for the courage and energy he has displayed in combatting a form of vice so loathsome that the very bowels of the earth seemed to have been sickened to utter a loud and frightful protest.

STAGE SKIMMINGS.

Some of the ill-natured people who wait to say their nastiest and meanest things of a man until he is dead, have been very busy during the past two weeks commenting on the fact that Sam Colville, in his will, spoke of Elme Rousseau as his "friend and companion." It must annoy these malicious vermin to learn that the will was made at least two years before they became man and wife.

The boom of the Wild West at Erastina, Staten Island, is still something marvelous. No American show, not even Barnum's in its best days, ever made so much money in a little while. The receipts have run up into the millions.

John McCaull has caught on tremendously with "Josephine Sold by Her Sisters," and is correspondingly jovial. In presenting Eugene Oudin, the new barytone, to the American public, he has accomplished one of the most praiseworthy feats of his life. Oudin is a step-son of Judge Kilbreth, quite as handsome as his step father, and one of the best and most amiable fellows in the world. Before embarking in the opera he was engaged in manufacturing stained glass in Chicago.

Emily Soldene's mouth still recalls that of the Mississippi. But she lends a good deal of life and energy to "Josephine Sold by Her Sisters."

Manager Moss continues cheery and chipper, even though he is Maurice B. Flynn's father-in-law. He certainly stinks by M. B. F. like the trump that he is.

J. H. Cobbe, Wilson Barrett's manager, who has just arrived to make ready the American way of Irving's great English rival, says that the Charleston "shake" is an immense advertisement for Barrett's play of "Claudian," in which an earthquake scene is a prominent feature. Cobbe says that the "Claudian" earthquake is way ahead of the Charleston article. Barrett, by the way, is pronounced by impartial Englishmen a vastly greater actor than Irving. He is quite as dramatic, much more natural and, above all, as handsome as a Greek god.

Sara Neville, who has come to the fore with a bound as Edward Collier's leading lady, has not disappointed the many friends who have been predicting a great triumph for her these five years past. She is a Mrs. Goldberg, and sister-in-law of poor John of that ilk, the most amazing wizard I ever knew. John Goldberg could do more with cards than any magician that ever lived before him. If he hadn't been the soul of honor and uprightness, he could have made his fortune over and over again as a "sharp." He was by long odds the most intellectual conjuror I ever came across. Too much calculation drove him crazy, and he died insane. 'Tis a pity he did not live to share his brother's pride and joy in Mrs. Goldberg's success.

Kate Forsythe is back from England. So is Adelaide Moore. There doesn't seem to be any particular reason for Kate to return to the stage, for she has hardened into a very stiff and cast-iron style. She certainly doesn't need the money. The fair Adelaide is working the Nelson racket for all it is worth, under Harry Sargent's clever tuition. In her absence he has turned the palace car and carrier pigeon gag to great account. There is reason to believe, as well as hope, that Harry has for the last time looked upon the wine when it is red or white, as the case may be. If so, Adelaide is a big winner.

The Windsor Theatre is doing better than ever this year and Frank Murtha's good natured face wears an even jollier smile than ever. He counts a good deal on the shrewd, industrious help of Louie Waldron, who works like Joe Howard's fabulous monstrosity, "a double-breasted beaver."

So Alvin Joslyn, General Pareess Davis, is officially pronounced a bachelor, and his alleged wife's suit against him is declared "off." It's hard to know which of this distinguished couple to congratulate most—Davis or the lady.

Flora Moore is spicing her very latest husband for a divorce. This time his name is John Woodville, ring-master for John B. Davis. The crop of theatrical divorces has been quite a good one—for the lawyers—this year.

Miss Montie May, a rich, daughter of big hearted Louis of that clan, is to be married to Mr. Abbott Graves, of Boston, at the end of the present month. I heartily congratulate them both. Louis Aldrich is not only an admirable actor in the professional sense, but, in my opinion, the squarest and most upright of them all. Brusque, short of speech and sans ceremony, his heart is as big as that of the pre-tribal ox, and his devotion to his family a miracle these days.

Charlie Woglom and Charlie Day have both enlisted under Brother Charlie Allen's banner at the Novelty theatre, Williamsburgh. Charlie Woglom will be treasurer—and a better one it would be hard to find. Charlie Day will attend to the advertising, and no better work of the kind will be done anywhere. Brother Allen gets under way this year under the most favorable auspices.

Hallen and Hart are, as usual, coining money.

Edmund K. Collier, that sterling actor who has gradually and patiently worked his way up to the top of the profession, is a nephew of that thorough brick and game man, Jim Collier, everybody's friend. Ned I knew years ago when he and Ned Kipper, the dramatist and poet, the George R. Sims of America, used to play a couple of demons in the "Black Crook" at Niblo's Garden. Kipper married pretty and charming Augusta Raymond, one of the best and sweetest little women that ever left the stage to become a happy wife and mother. Ned married a widow with several children, to whom he has as ungrudgingly devoted his work and its remuneration as if they were his own. A sterling enip of the Collier breed is big, brawny, manly Ned, and I don't wonder that the whole family enthusiastically goes its pile on him.

Sig. Liberati, the popular cornet soloist, tells a very amusing story of the circumstances which first led him to think he could succeed in his ambition to take

the first rank among the cornet players of this country. Desiring to leave his native Italy, he enlisted upon a United States gun boat ordered home from the Mediterranean, as a bugler. When off the banks of Newfoundland a series of heavy fogs were encountered, and he was stationed at the fore to blow his bugle as a fog horn. He utilized the time for practice while assigned to the novel duty, and acquired certain peculiarities in his control of the instrument, which he subsequently improved upon and gradually gained his present eminence as a solo player upon his chosen instrument.

The prudes of Europe are commencing to growl because Abbe List had two daughters without having been married, and one of his daughters had two husbands, with both of whom her papa was on the friendliest of terms. There is a newspaper howl against artistic Bohemianism spreading, and some names are commencing to be handled without gloves. No wonder Boucicault wants to come back as soon as he can.

This is what they say of her out. West: "Surely, a sweeter creature than fair Margaret Mather never came to town. She is pretty at every point. If she turns her head one side, her cheeks dimple like so many new violets. When she draws herself up in her proud little way, the charm of life and vigor is felt from her arched eyebrow to her pretty foot, and her arm has a maiden beauty one little cares to spoil by description." Very true, probably, but a bad case of "smile" all the same.

Everybody remembers when Campanini, the great tenor, was with gallant Col. Mapleson's troupe. One night he was to enter the stage of the Boston Theatre on a sedan chair, four slaves (alias Harvard students) bearing the same upon their shoulders. But when the call boy gave his summons, only three slaves could be found. The fourth had become tired, and, changing his costume to a civilized rig, had coolly emancipated himself and gone home to bed. There was nothing to do but to march on the stage with one end of the chair unsustained. They started, but the uneven arrangement prevented straight steering. Before they knew it, crash went the flopping end against a wing, whack went the wing over, and down went the sedan, tipping the valiant Campanini head over heels upon the floor. Discretion led the three remaining "slaves" to vanish in the background, for the Signor was not of the mildest disposition, and his temper wasn't improved by the unceremonious plunge he had taken. As to the hero of the opera himself, he had to walk in plain style upon the stage, instead of making a grand and impressive entrance in state. Harvard super were not encouraged at the Boston for some time after that, but they will doubtless be on hand at the next opera season.

Louise Demsey received the following letter the other day from her return from the country. I print it verbatim et ubi.

CLEVELAND, July 25, 1886.

Mrs.—I read your notice in the dramatic news as being out of an engagement. I am now making up a company to take in small towns one and two night stands. I propose to have a variety and female minstrel show, and to have a small piece to finish up with. You know what is necessary in this kind of a show and state what your act consists of. Please state full particulars as to looks, color of hair, weight, form and salary expected. Please state measurements across the hips and size of each leg, and the hip and right below the knee. I have some tight which to use if they fit. I would like to have you get me some other lady artists if you are acquainted with any. Hoping I may hear right away from you I remain, E. O. Wilson.

Charles Hoyt, in speaking of the failure of his comic opera in New York, says: "I don't particularly revel in being beaten up, but I don't see anything to do but to stand it, and there's nothing to be gained by crying about it."

Curiously enough, "Jim, the Peuman," which was so much of a success in Chicago, comparatively failed in San Francisco, although it was indorsed by the press, proving once more how uncertain theatrical matters are.

Boston's latest threatened contribution to the museums is "King George," a colored man, who has two hearts and sets of ribs, and runs his pulse and his blood to suit himself.

The chestnut gong got a decided and deserved setback at the Boston Theatre the other evening. The man rang it out once too often and paid \$20 fine for his charming idiosyncrasy in the Police Court.

Some brilliant fellow has distinguished himself and immortalized Miss Maddern by writing: "Oh! sweet Minnie Maddern, for you I am sadder'n, I've thought I could be before."

Clara Wieland, the "Regina Juno" of James Fisk, Jr.'s, days, died in a Newark (N. J.) insane asylum recently, aged about thirty-eight. She was a Bavarian by birth.

It was but a few weeks ago that a woman in England by the name of Crawford got upon the witness stand, and with hardly a blush, made oath to the depth of her own lewdness. Now it is proposed to send her to America to act. The American public would, it is said, flock to see her.

What the American public has done to merit such an insult is not clear. It has endured or even toadied to persons without character or other standing than that derived from intimate association with the Prince of Wales. But for a woman to come, heralded by reports of her degradation and boasting no capital but a tarnished name is something different. The merely bad woman is not made a heroine here. She should find doors barred as tightly in this country as in her own. Her plaudits ought to come from empty benches and her only flowers be the withered nosegay decorating her unhalloved person.

Unfortunately, I fear the contrary will be the case. Just as Violet Cameron promises to be all the more popular on account of her disgraceful scandal with Lonsdale, Mrs. Crawford will be a "big hit" socially as well as artistically because her paramour was a baronet.

WOODEN SPOON.

OUR PICTURES.

The Chief Events of the Week Pictorially Delineated.

Female Prisoners Escape.

Two women confined in jail at Bedford, Ind., made their escape the other night by letting themselves down from a second-story window to the ground with sheets and a blanket taken from their bed. Deputy Sheriff Day caught one of them near Mitchell.

Drowned by a Dog.

Frank Wood, with a companion and a large setter, was rowing on Onondaga Lake, on Aug. 28, when the dog by changing from one side to the other, upset the boat. The dog persisted in climbing upon Wood's shoulders, thus ducking the man's head as he swam toward the shore until he became exhausted and sank in eight feet of water.

Chinese Salvationists.

The other afternoon the newly-organized "Chinese Salvation Army" introduced a new movement in the Chinese quarters, San Francisco, Cal. The army consisted of four Chinese youths from the Clay Street Mission School, headed by a white man named Jones. After singing Christian songs in their native tongue, the Celestial salvationists addressed the large crowd of Chinese present and urged them to forsake their heathen deities. A large crowd was attracted by the novel spectacle, and good order prevailed.

One Silent Woman.

At Crawfordsville, Ind., Aug. 28, Jeff McDonald and wife left their house in charge of a servant girl, and on their return in about an hour found her on the floor insensible, bound and gagged. After the girl was restored to consciousness she stated that two men entered the house and with pistols at her head bound and gagged her and then proceeded to rob the house. They got a small amount of money and some jewelry. That it occurred so early in the evening and in a populous part of the city has made the robbery the topic of general conversation.

The Plot Failed.

The city of Augusta, Ga., was thrown into consternation by a dynamite explosion Aug. 29, at 10 o'clock, P. M. The explosion took place at the house of Loo Chong, a wealthy Chinaman, and was evidently intended to put him out of the way. Fortunately he was not in bed at the time and escaped death. The explosion took place directly under the Chinaman's bed and tore up a hole of 12 by 5 feet. Hundreds of persons were attracted to the spot, and are around it at this hour. The police have taken charge of the building. There are many theories as to the cause. Loo Chong came here some years ago and married a white girl of respectable family. Bitter feeling has existed against him, and some think this had something to do with the dynamite explosion of to-night.

Robbed and Nearly Killed.

On Sunday last a man giving the name of J. H. Raymond registered at the West Side Hotel, Chicago, and advertised in the daily papers for a hotel clerk to go into the country who could deposit \$75 as security. A young man named W. H. Hamilton replied at Raymond's room in answer to the advertisement and was greeted smilingly. When the applicant had seated himself, however, and Raymond learned that he had \$61 with him, the door was locked and the would-be employer at the point of a revolver attempted to force his visitor to give up the money. Failing in this he assaulted Hamilton brutally, striking him on the head with the butt of his revolver until the young man was almost insensible. Then taking the cash from his victim he hastily made his escape from the hotel and has not been arrested. Hamilton was removed to the County hospital where it was found on examination that his skull had been fractured in several places. His condition is so serious that it is feared his chances of recovery are very doubtful. The police are looking for Raymond.

Lovely Tresses Lost in the Surf.

A hum of admiration issued from a crowd lying about the beach at Santa Cruz, Cal., the other morning, when a jauntily attired young woman, whose most noticeable feature was a luxuriant growth of raven black hair, snugly ensconced beneath a silk swimming cap, made her appearance in the water. At the moment of her entry three very heavy breakers dashed themselves upon the sands. The effect upon half a score of female beauties bathing was, to say the least, demoralizing; but upon her of the raven tresses the surf seemed specially bent. A complete reversion of that perpendicularity incident to both man and womankind followed, and a gallant amateur at once sought out the unfortunate. Bringing her to the surface was the work of but a second for the swimmer, but in the melee with the waters the lady's hair had disappeared. A general grin on shore ensued, and those sharp enough espied the lady's assistant bravely endeavoring to hide a mass of "real natural" in a bathing hat. The lady soon left the water, as things resumed the even tenor of their way.

The Coachman's Bride.

For several weeks past Victoria Morosini-Schelling has made herself quite conspicuous by promenading on Broadway in the cool of the afternoon with a chunky, broad-shouldered young man, whom everybody at once knew was not "Ernest, the car-driver," from the fact that at the time of the elopement the illustrated papers made his features quite familiar to all. Her appearances on the stage at the Casino have rendered her generally recognizable on the street as well, and therefore it is not possible for her to go about without attracting attention. As long as she promenaded with Ernest the saucy tongues of gossips wagged idly, but since Ernest has been displaced by the gentleman described there is naturally much talk. I saw them on Sunday last at the Brighton pier, at Coney Island, enjoying a cream and lemonade in the most rustic fashion. The tender glances exchanged by them attracted my attention, and had I not known to the contrary, I should for this reason have sworn he was Ernest, the beloved, for whom she had forsaken home and fortune. The sequel of the story, fortunately, is that the young man was an emissary of her father, and that Victoria is now in a Montreal convent on a year's probation after which she will return home.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.



Daisy Rorhilde.

Last week we published a very striking illustration of the cowhiding of Malachi Krebs, the editor of the *Statesman*, printed at Boise City, Idaho, where the affair took place. Above we present an excellent portrait of the plucky young dame who did the whipping in the editorial sanctum. The item that caused Miss Rorhilde to defend her wounded feelings is this: "Tuesday evening last, while two young ladies were out riding on horseback, they were followed by an Idaho street tramp, who took great delight in riding close behind them and at times whipping up her horse and riding just in front of the young ladies. One of the young ladies being on a horse she could not manage very well, there was great danger of her being thrown to the ground. This same tramp here alluded to can be seen riding through the streets at a break-neck gait most any evening, and the marshal should keep a watch on her, and if her outrageous conduct is repeated arrest her and let her spend a night in jail. It would do her good."

Wife Murder and Suicide.

The morning of Aug. 31, Frank Lake shot and killed his wife and then himself at the residence of a son, at La Grange, Mo. Until a year ago Lake and wife resided on a farm one mile south of La Grange. At the date named he left home and did not put in an appearance again till three days ago. Before leaving home Lake and wife failed to agree, and numerous brawls and family fights were the result. On returning home the family feud was resumed, and Lake ended it for the time by driving his wife from the homestead and its shelter. A son engaged in the saloon business gave Mrs. Lake a home, but this did not afford her protection. Early the fatal morning Lake came to town, and called at the son's as though on a friendly visit. He appeared to be in an affable mood, was cheery in conversation, and spoke pleasantly to all persons in the house, including his wife. Suddenly the purport of his visit was made known by the act of drawing a revolver, which was discharged, the bullet striking the wife in the face. Three shots in all were fired. Lake then placed the revolver to his own heart, pulled the trigger, and fell a corpse. These people had been married about thirty years.

An Accomplished Scoundrel.

Frank X. Byron, a young man of twenty-five or thereabouts, is under arrest on a charge of forgery and embezzlement, committed in Boston which, however, are supposed to form but a small portion of his misdoings. Byron obtained employment in a bookstore last week, and at once began the "funny business" which ended in his arrest. Byron is said to be wanted in Topeka for bigamy, forgery and embezzlement, and it is also said that he is wanted in Canada for the embezzlement of \$6,000 or \$8,000 from the Singer Sewing Machine Company, and that certain boarding-house keepers in New London, Conn., are anxious to see him punished for "board jumping" and obtaining money on false pretenses. Byron is said to be a most expert photographer, and his alleged forgeries are described as marvels of accuracy, even to most minute details. His pseudo wife, whose former name was Florence Cooley, is but eighteen years old. Up to recently, when he appeared in court, she had implicit faith in his integrity. The poor girl is now plunged in bitter despair over her unhappy position.

Beaten and Robbed.

William McClintock, an old and wealthy farmer of Columbus, Ind., was induced by two sharpers, on some unknown pretext, to come to Columbus and draw \$5,000 from the bank. In company with these men he started on his return, and when a few miles out they beat and robbed the old man, and threw him out on the road. His failure to return home caused a search to be made, and he was found where he had been thrown by the thieves. He is so badly beaten and excited that he is unable to give an intelligent account of the robbery.

The robbers took a buggy hired from a livery stable and sent it back later from Edinburg, ten miles north of Columbus, from whence it is supposed they took the train for Indianapolis. The sheriff and a posse are after them. The thieves have been working up the plot on McClintock for ten days past.

Diabolical Outrage.

Near Tallapoosa, Ga., the family of Mr. Wallace, a respectable farmer, was sick, and the mother sat up watching. The night of August 31, near midnight, a number of men surrounded the house and began firing off their pistols. Wallace went to the door and begged them to desist. Maddened by his appeal four men seized him and entered the house, where they found Mrs. Wallace. While three of the ruffians held the husband as a spectator of the sight the fourth rav-

ished the wife. In this manner the four gratified their lust, keeping up their orgies all night. Next day one of the party was arrested and is now in jail at Buchanan, Ga., where he weeps for protection from the mob, which, it is anticipated, may make short work of him to-night.

Dastardly Assassination.

An atrocious assassination, very much resembling one of the Molle Maguire murders that disgraced the coal regions years ago, took place near Shamokin late the night of Aug. 31st. Anthony Gillespie, aged 30, a storekeeper and unmarried, residing at Mount Carmel, started for Shamokin on horseback. In the evening his saddled horse wandered back to Green Ridge, two miles from Pottsville, and search being made Gillespie was found in the woods near Shamokin with three bullet holes in his head. The coroner is making an investigation, and a posse of officers are searching the hills for the murderers.

ALMOST TRAPPED.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Not many years ago a prominent minister, who afterward became a bishop, told at the dinner table of a gentleman, after the ladies had retired, an incident equally illustrative of the perils of New York and of the simplicity of the man. He was walking through a side street not very far from his parsonage, when he observed a girl at the sidewalk crying. She seemed to be only about twelve years old, and the good pastor felt moved to inquire what might be her loss or grief. "Oh," said the girl, "I have been looking to find a minister who will go to see my mother. She is poor, and none of these rich ministers will go to see her."

"I am a minister," said the rector; "where is your mother?" He took the child's hand, and it hardly occurred to him as he went along the pavement that some individual, perhaps some policeman, noted him particularly in his careful and almost clerical dress accompanying a child evidently far beneath his own station. He went along the street, descended to Third avenue and continued beyond it, and the child turned into a house, going through a hall. The minister went up the flight of stairs and the girl beckoned him further on. Something he saw or felt or had reflected, caused him to pause. He now looked at the child's face again and saw a different light in it from what had appeared upon the street. A feeling of fear took possession of him and he said:

"I won't go up there without some person I know to accompany me."

The child turned, and, running down a few steps, seized him fast, and said:

"If you don't give me money I'll have you arrested for following me home."

He saw in a moment the situation he was in—liable to be paraded in every newspaper of the town, next day for indulgences he had never conceived, his motives misconstrued, his family and congregation scandalized.

At that moment he saw the bright badge of a policeman come up the hall, and supposed himself to be already in the meshes of the law. But the man spoke to him by name, told him that he had followed him under the belief that he was deceived, and thereupon arrested the girl and her mother, who followed that line of business and kept respectable men spotted, so to speak, so as the better to decoy them. In one of Ford's or Beaumont's plays occurs this very scene, dating back to the commencement of the seventeenth century, where a lewd family maintain a child no better than themselves to be sold to men for the purpose of involving them with ruin or blackmail.

DARING FEAT OF A BICYCLER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A daring and foolhardy feat was performed by a bicyclist the other afternoon at Cabin John Bridge, near Washington. The place is a general pleasure resort about twelve miles from town, over the military road built by Jeff. Davis while the latter was Secretary of War. The bridge is said to be the largest single span of masonry in the world. It is 125 feet high and about 200 feet long, a single magnificent arch spanning a deep and rocky gorge.

There is a brown-stone coping on the three-foot wall on either side of the roadway. This coping is about a foot broad, and is beveled on the two upper edges for an inch or two. On the inside of these walls is the solitary roadway above the duct. On the outside is a perpendicular descent of about 125 feet in the centre of the bridge, and no less than 75 feet at either abutment. The young man stopped and dismounted at the end of the bridge and lifted his machine upon the coping. The act was noticed by a couple of gentlemen smoking under the trees, but it was looked upon as the freak of a young man who had been drinking a little too much, and no particular attention was paid to it. The next moment there was an exclamation of horror from the direction of the bridge, and the young man was seen mounted upon his 30-inch wheel, deliberately riding along the narrow coping. The sight froze the blood of the ladies and children picnicking in the gorge below, and was enough to appal the stoutest heart. The gentlemen in front of the hotel started to their feet and called to the other wheelmen within. "Stop him! For God's sake stop him!" shouted a lady with two children clinging to her, wringing her hands with fright. It was too late. The young man was already in the centre of the bridge. He never swerved a hair's breadth from his seat. From the end of the bridge he seemed a toy machine running by mechanism, so erect and motionless he sat and so evenly he rode. "Let him alone," cried one of his companions, "he could ride it if it was a rope." Nevertheless, the fear that interference might hasten the horror that all wished to prevent left the party rooted to the spot. In two places the coping makes a zigzag by the widening of the roadway, and at these places the rider must steer his wheel through a very narrow space at nearly right angles with his course. The daring fellow had passed the first of these ticklish spots, and when he carefully wore round the second not a single one of the horrified spectators could draw a breath for fear. From thence to the end was a short and straight run, and in another moment the young man had completed his dangerous ride, dismounted and was waving his hand laughingly at the frightened men and women and children who had witnessed it.

JOHN KNIFTON.

[With Portrait.]

In this issue will be found a portrait of John Knifton, of London, Eng., a pugilist who is better known as "the eighty-one tonner." Knifton is thirty years of age and weighs over 200 pounds. It is owing to his

great muscular proportions that he has been styled the 81-tonner. His dimensions are as follows: Height, 6 feet 2½ inches; weight, 200 pounds; chest measurement, 47½ inches; biceps, 17½ inches; calf, 18½ inches; waist, 38 inches. Knifton is now matched to fight Jim Smith for £400 and the championship of England.

LORD LONSDALE AND VIOLET CAMERON.

[With Portrait.]

The last London scandal which has furnished the English speaking people with lots of naughty gossip, is the affair of Lord Lonsdale and the pretty actress Miss Violet Cameron, who are on their way across the Atlantic to these shores, where the fair creature is to appear before the foot lights, while "me lord" will, it is alleged, do the gallant act after the manner of Freddy Gebhardt. Miss Cameron's lawful husband in the meantime has commenced an action for a divorce. Mr. David De Bensaude, the injured gentleman, makes the following affidavit: "I have read what purports to be a copy of the affidavit of Violet De Bensaude, my wife, sworn on the 4th of August. I say that the statements therein contained are totally untrue and deliberately inaccurate. It is not a fact that I have ever threatened my wife, nor have I ever used any personal violence to her in any shape or form or way whatever. I have never threatened to shoot or stab her or injure her in any way. . . . At Edinburgh I became extremely dissatisfied with the conduct of my wife and Lord Lonsdale, and protested against it. They were continually going out with each other, being alone, and deceiving me entirely. In consequence of this, disputes arose between my wife and myself. On or about the 28th of July last I came to London and consulted my solicitors; and I believe they informed the solicitors acting for my wife that it was my intention to present a petition for divorce. On the 30th of the same month I returned to Newcastle, and found my wife and Lord Lonsdale together occupying the same sitting-room, out of which sitting-room and opposite it was the bedroom occupied by Lord Lonsdale, and next to his bedroom was that of my wife. I ascertained that my wife's mother, whom I had left with her, had left, and had been absent whilst I was away, and that the child had also been taken away. An altercation ensued between myself and Lord Lonsdale, the result of which was that I caused a summons to be issued against him for assault, which was heard on the 2d inst. at Newcastle-on-Tyne, when the magistrate inflicted a fine of 40 shillings, or in default one month's imprisonment, and advised him not to interfere between my wife and myself, nor to prevent my having access to her; notwithstanding which the said Lord Lonsdale continued to prevent me having any interviews or to see her, and prevented me going into the railway carriage of the train in which she was about to go to Leeds. I am about to file a petition for divorce from my wife on account of her adultery with the said Lord Lonsdale, and to ask for the custody of my child."

FELL FIFTY FEET.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A sensational and probably fatal accident occurred at Pittsburg, about 11 o'clock on the night of September 4. Policeman George Woods and a man named Edward Hennig, whom he was arresting, fell over a cliff to Locust street, and neither is expected to survive. Hennig had engaged in a street quarrel, and when the policeman arrived he took to his heels. Woods gave chase, and finally drew his revolver and shot at the fugitive, the ball taking effect in Hennig's left forearm. They were then not far apart, and when Hennig felt the ball he stopped and stood at bay just on the brink of a precipice fifty feet high. The men clinched, there was a short hard tussle, and suddenly both men disappeared. When other policemen arrived no one was in sight, but a faint cry over the cliff attracted their attention. Looking down, the two men were seen stretched at the bottom of the cut. Woods was unconscious and both were terribly injured. They were carried to the police station, and afterwards removed to a hospital where they are now lying.

KILLED ON A RAILROAD BRIDGE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Three young ladies were crossing the trestle work near Sauk Centre, Minn., the other afternoon when a Manitoba east bound train came along. They lost their presence of mind, became perfectly frantic and started back, but the engine was too close to be reversed. Miss Allen, eighteen years old, was instantly killed and horribly mangled, and Miss Flaven was seriously injured. The latter's sister escaped unhurt by jumping into the water, but is prostrated by the nervous shock.

GEORGE COVINGTON.

[With Portrait.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of George Covington, the famous jockey, whose mounts are nearly always first or second. He is now riding for the Lone Star stable, and on Sept. 3 at Brighton Beach he rode two winners.

FORTUNE'S FAVORS.

Madame Lacoste and Henry Reichstetter Win Prizes in the Louisiana State Lottery.

So true is it that luck is no respecter of persons that of two one-fifth tickets of the Louisiana lottery which commanded an equal proportion of the \$25,000 prize at the August drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery, and which had been sold in this city, one fell to a butcher's apprentice in South San Francisco and the other to the wife of a keeper of a well known restaurant in Pine street, the former being in most humble circumstances and the latter presumably on the high road to affluence. Henry Reichstetter is the son of Gottlieb Reichstetter, a slaughterer, and both are employed by Miller & Lux. The young man is but 18 years of age, and is of honest and sturdy character. His good fortune delighted a host of acquaintances. In this instance Cupid and the fickle goddess joined purposes, for Reichstetter had been paying ardent attention to a lovely Teutonic maiden, and only the uncertainty of his pecuniary future delayed their union. All Butchertown may therefore be shortly expected to put on its most jocular aspect of exultation when the hopeful event actually occurs.

Madame Lacoste is the other prize winner. This was her first lottery ticket, and she was equally surprised and overjoyed to learn of the success of her venture. The ebullient Frank, her husband, is shyly reticent about the matter, but confesses that she has placed \$5,000 in his hands to be invested so as to yield the greatest amount of steady revenue.—*San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle*, Aug. 31.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



Herbert B. Williams, whose bright young face we print above, is one of the coming shots in this country. He is a native of Georgetown, Me., where he is noted for his wonderful success at prize shooting in the State. Mr. Williams is at present stopping in Brooklyn, from where he will shortly start on a tour through the country, giving exhibitions of his skill at the principal theatres.

Prof. J. De Silver.

This well-known sporting man, proprietor of the celebrated performing dog Major, is portrayed on another page.

Charles G. Sollers.

Chas. G. Sollers is the champion three-year-old of Pennsylvania. He resides at Harrisburg, and is a pet among the sporting fraternity.

Isaac Coomas.

Isaac Coomas, the all-round athlete of Fennimore, Wisconsin, is well known throughout the State as a first class athlete. He has figured in numerous contests with varied success.

Arthur G. Sedgwick.

On another page we print a portrait of A. G. Sedgwick, who was sent to Mexico on a mission by Secretary Bayard, to look out for American citizens across the Rio Grande. Several wicked charges have been made against our representative by the press, who allege that Sedgwick has done nothing but paint Mexico a delightful red ever since he has set foot upon the Greaser soil.

Mack McCauley, Jr.

McCauley is wanted by Detective Porter, of Nashville, Tenn., on the charge of forgery. He will pay a reward of \$100 for his capture. The following is a description of the nimble gentleman: Age, thirty-six years; 5 feet 11 inches high; weight, 145 to 150 pounds; slender build, light brown hair, heavy blonde mustache, light brown or blue eyes, medium fair complexion. Until recently he has been engaged in running a country store, and has the appearance of a country merchant. He dresses moderately well and is a good talker.

Major.

Major is a full-blooded Russian water spaniel nine years old. He was born on a Russian vessel coming to Philadelphia nine years ago, was given to Prof. DeSilver when two months of age. He was trained by the professor, and made his first appearance at a benefit of James Howard, on Ridge avenue, Philadelphia, when seven months old, and when one year old was known from one end of Philadelphia to the other as the talking dog Major, almost saying distinctly: "I'm all broke up" and "No, I won't." Among his numerous tricks, of which he does thirty-two, is the one of bringing all the colors constituting the different flags of the nations and laying the colors side by side for whatever flag his master calls for. He has been all over the United States, several times, and one time three years ago, the professor was offered \$2,000 for him in Chicopee Falls, Mass., but he politely refused the offer. Lately he was presented with a collar while at Austin & Stone's Museum, Boston, by a gentleman named Kendall.

Harry B. Palmer.

Palmer, who is now in jail in Chicago charged by his wife with making threats to kill her, and also, it is said, with obtaining money by false pretenses, has had a very checkered career. He is a confidence man of no mean caliber, and is wanted in every big city in the Union. An official who has known him for years said:

"He calls himself the 'Dandy Fly Rooster.' His game is to advertise for 'Young men for light business; no experience necessary,' and then to palm off a stove polish or Parisian toilet soap scheme. He would hire a room and get a table and a couple of chairs. When the victim handed over \$100 to \$500 for an interest in the business, Palmer would get up and go out.

"He has been arrested and jumped his bail in Cleveland, Cincinnati, New York, Boston and other cities. In Cleveland Stevens & Case mourn him to the tune of \$500. A month later he was arrested at Cincinnati for working his game and he then visited Detroit. He stayed there one day and left with \$500 of a green-horn's money. In New York he has found at least a hundred victims, one of them being a man named Van Brandt, who 'gave up' \$500 on the stove polish racket. In Philadelphia James Strong gave him all his earnings of five years and found he had paid for a soap bubble. In Chicago he has swindled dozens of persons, but has always escaped arrest, as he was cute enough to throw his victims on the wrong scent."



ESTABLISHED 1846.

RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,

Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1886.

IMPORTANT.

The publisher will consider it a personal favor if any reader of the POLICE GAZETTE will forward him the name and address of any newsdealer or subscription agent who is not selling this paper.

Sample copies and advertising matter sent free on receipt of postal card. RICHARD K. FOX,

Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

THE CRIME OF THE AGE.

What is the matter with us all this year of 1886? Under our feet the earth seems to tremble with rage and disgust at the iniquity prospering on its surface. In all the great cities of Christendom, in centers of education and civilization, crimes as monstrous are coming into the glare of publicity and being exposed such as made Sodom and Gomorrah hideous before their destruction, no less atrocious and bestial than those which reconciled the pure minded of their time to the frightful obliteration of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

Hardly had we recovered from the horror and disgust with which we read the *Pall Mall Gazette's* dreadful picture of English girlhood, almost in its infancy, sacrificed to lust, when one after another civilized communities in America began to belch out confessions of similar enormities. New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Newark, a dozen others, all reek with the reproach that girlhood is not sacred from the depraved appetites of the lewd, and that the vast army of prostitution is now recruited from the school—almost from the nursery.

In the revelations of depravity there is more than a lesson. There is a warning that strikes the parents' heart with cruel force. These little girls have been led by men into the most immoral practices. They have not only been ruined, but so trained that they glory in their degradation and do not think it disgrace. Too young to know the awful consequences, they have yet gone to the extreme of vice.

What can be done about it? The scoundrels can be sent to jail. But virtue cannot be restored. The blunted senses cannot be renewed. The bent toward destruction cannot be changed. Even when the victims have seemed to be reclaimed, there is little left for their later years but the memory of shame. For the parents, if they are worthy the name, there is nothing but such a depth of sorrow as none but parents can know. There will be no more trust. The innocence in which they took pride betrayed them.

The brazen attitude of these girls is a marvel. They seem lost to conscience. Of tender years, they have the effrontery of graduated crime. They glory in their own fall, and only repent when punishment hangs over them. Such repentance is not more than a shallow pretense.

Their actions show how quickly wickedness ingrafts itself, how the smut of the street soaks the garments of the home. It shows, too, the monstrous, the unnatural viciousness of men who could, with children of their own, deliberately drag down the hopes of others. Worse than murderers, they deserve a fate more awful than named in any statute books.

We were the first, in these very columns, to predict this volcanic eruption of lust and vice overflowing what ought to be the innocence of childhood. We have published over and over again gruesome exposures and thrilling warnings, only to be reviled, abused and contradicted.

Happily, our words of admonition went home to one responsive target, and Mr. Eldridge Gerry, of the Society for Protecting Children, has been a second David in vanquishing the Goliath of lust. To him we accord all credit and praise for the courage and energy he has displayed in combatting a form of vice so loathsome that the very bowels of the earth seemed to have been sickened to utter a loud and frightful protest.

STAGE SKIMMINGS.

Some of the ill-natured people who wait to say their nastiest and meanest things of a man until he is dead, have been very busy during the past two weeks commenting on the fact that Sam Colville, in his will, spoke of Emie Roseau as his "friend and companion." It must annoy these malicious vermin to learn that the will was made at least two years before they became man and wife.

The boom of the Wild West at Erastina, Staten Island, is still something marvelous. No American show, not even Barnum's in its best days, ever made so much money in a little while. The receipts have run up into the millions.

John McCaull has caught on tremendously with "Josephine Sold by Her Sisters," and is correspondingly jovial. In presenting Eugene Oudin, the new barytone, to the American public, he has accomplished one of the most praiseworthy feats of his life. Oudin is a step-son of Judge Kilbreth, quite as handsome as his step-father, and one of the best and most amiable fellows in the world. Before embarking in the opera he was engaged in manufacturing stained glass in Chicago.

Emily Soldene's mouth still recalls that of the Mississippi. But she lends a good deal of life and energy to "Josephine Sold by Her Sisters."

Manager Moss continues cheery and chipper, even though he is Maurice B. Flynn's father-in-law. He certainly sticks by M. B. F. like the trump that he is.

J. H. Cobbe, Wilson Barrett's manager, who has just arrived to make ready the American way of Irving's great English rival, says that the Charleston "shake" is an immense advertisement for Barrett's play of "Claudian," in which an earthquake scene is a prominent feature. Cobbe says that the "Claudian" earthquake is way ahead of the Charleston article. Barrett, by the way, is pronounced by impartial Englishmen a vastly greater actor than Irving. He is quite as dramatic, much more natural and, above all, as handsome as a Greek god.

Sara Neville, who has come to the fore with a bound as Edward Collier's leading lady, has not disappointed the many friends who have been predicting a great triumph for her these five years past. She is a Mrs. Goldberg, and sister-in-law of poor John of that ilk, the most amazing wizard I ever knew. John Goldberg could do more with cards than any magician that ever lived before him. If he hadn't been the soul of honor and uprightness, he could have made his fortune over and over again as a "sharp." He was by long odds the most intellectual conjuror I ever came across. Too much calculation drove him crazy, and he died insane. 'Tis a pity he did not live to share his brother's pride and joy in Mrs. Goldberg's success.

Kate Forsythe is back from England. So is Adelaide Moore. There doesn't seem to be any particular reason for Kate to return to the stage, for she has hardened into a very stiff and cast-iron style. She certainly doesn't need the money. The fair Adelaide is working the Nelson racket for all it is worth, under Harry Sargent's clever tuition. In her absence he has turned the palace car and carrier pigeon gag to great account. There is reason to believe, as well as hope, that Harry has for the last time looked upon the wine when it is red or white, as the case may be. If so, Adelaide is a big winner.

The Windsor Theatre is doing better than ever this year and Frank Mortha's good natured face wears an even jollier smile than ever. He counts a good deal on the shrewd, industrious help of Louie Waldron, who works like Joe Howard's fabulous monotony, "a double-breasted beaver."

So Alvin Joslyn, General Pareus Davis, is officially pronounced a bachelor, and his alleged wife's suit against him is declared "off." It's hard to know which of this distinguished couple to congratulate most—Davis or the lady.

Flora Moore is sipping her very latest husband for a divorce. This time his name is John Woodville, ring-master for John B. Davis. The crop of theatrical divorces has been quite a good one—for the lawyers—this year.

Miss Montie May, a rich, daughter of big hearted Louis of that clan, is to be married to Mr. Abbott Graves, of Boston, at the end of the present month. I heartily congratulate them both. Louis Aldrich is not only an admirable actor in the professional sense, but, in my opinion, the squarest and most upright of them all. Brusque, short of speech and sans ceremony, his heart is as big as that of the proverbial ox, and his devotion to his family a miracle these days.

Charlie Wogtom and Charlie Dav have both enlisted under Brother Charlie Allen's banner at the Novelty theatre, Williamsburgh. Charlie Wogtom will be treasurer—and a better one it would be hard to find. Charlie Dav will attend to the advertising, and no better work of the kind will be done anywhere. Brother Allen gets under way this year under the most favorable auspices.

Hallen and Hart are, as usual, coining money.

Edmund K. Collier, that sterling actor who has gradually and patiently worked his way up to the top of the profession, is a nephew of that thorough brick and game man, Jim Collier, everybody's friend. Ned I knew years ago when he and Ned Kidder, the dramatist and poet, the George R. Sims of America, used to play a couple of demons in the "Black Crook" at Niblo's Garden. Kidder married pretty and charming Augusta Raymond, one of the best and sweetest little women that ever left the stage to become a happy wife and mother. Ned married a widow with several children, to whom he has as ungrudgingly devoted his work and its remuneration as if they were his own. A sterling crip of the Collier block is big, brawny, manly Ned, and I don't wonder that the whole family enthusiastically goes its pie on him.

Sig. Liberati, the popular cornet soloist, tells a very amusing story of the circumstances which first led him to think he could succeed in his ambition to take

the first rank among the cornet players of this country. Desiring to leave his native Italy, he enlisted upon a United States gun boat ordered home from the Mediterranean, as a bugler. When off the banks of Newfoundland a series of heavy fogs were encountered, and he was stationed at the fore to blow his bugle as a fog horn. He utilized the time for practice while assigned to the novel duty, and acquired certain peculiarities in his control of the instrument, which he subsequently improved upon and gradually gained his present eminence as a solo player upon his chosen instrument.

The prudes of Europe are commencing to growl because Abbe Lest had two daughters without having been married, and one of his daughters had two husbands, with both of whom her papa was on the friendliest of terms. There is a newspaper howl against artistic Bohemianism spreading, and some names are commencing to be handled without gloves. No wonder Boucicault wants to come back as soon as he can.

This is what they say of her out West: "Surely, a sweeter creature than fair Margaret Mather never came to town. She is pretty at every point. If she turns her head one side, her cheeks dimple like so many new violets. When she draws herself up in her proud little way, the charm of life and vigor is felt from her arched eyebrow to her pretty foot, and her arm has a maiden beauty one little caress to spoil by de crip-tion." Very true, probably, but a bad case of "smit" all the same.

Everybody remembers when Campanini, the great tenor, was with gallant Col. Mapleson's troupe. One night he was to enter the stage of the Boston Theatre on a sedan chair, four slaves (alias Harvard students) bearing the same upon their shoulders. But when the call boy gave his summons, only three slaves could be found. The fourth had become tired, and, changing his costume to a civilized rig, had coolly emancipated himself and gone home to bed. There was nothing to do but to march on the stage with one end of the chair unsustained. They started, but the uneven arrangement prevented straight steering. Before they knew it, crash went the flopping end against a wing, whack went the wing over, and down went the sedan, tipping the valiant Campanini head over heels upon the floor. Discretion led the three remaining "slaves" to vanish in the background, for the Signor was not of the mildest disposition, and his temper wasn't improved by the unceremonious plunge he had taken. As to the hero of the opera himself, he had to walk in piteous style upon the stage, instead of making a grand and impressive entrance in state. Harvard superes were not encouraged at the Boston for some time after that, but they will doubtless be on hand at the next opera season.

Louise Dempsey received the following letter the other day on her return from the country. I print it verbatim et littera:

CLEVELAND, July 25, 1886.
Miss—I read your notice in the dramatic news as being out of an engagement. I am now making up a company to take in small towns one and two night stands. I propose to have a variety and female minstrel show, and to have a small piece to finish up with. You know what is necessary in this kind of a show and state what your act consists of. Please state full particulars as to looks, color of hair, weight, form and salary expected. Please state measurements across the hips and size of each leg at the hip and right below the knee. I have some tight suits which I use if they fit. I would like to have you get me some other lady artists if you are acquainted with any. Hoping I may hear right away from you I remain, E. O. WILSON.

Charles Hoyt, in speaking of the failure of his comic opera in New York, says: "I don't particularly revel in the beating I got, but I don't see anything to do but to stand it, and there's nothing to be gained by crying about it."

Curiously enough, "Jim, the Peuman," which was so much of a success in Chicago, comparatively failed in San Francisco, although it was indorsed by the press, proving once more how uncertain theatrical matters are.

Boston's latest threatened contribution to the museums is "King George," a colored man, who has two hearts and sets of ribs, and runs his pulse and his blood to suit himself.

The chestnut gone got a decided and deserved setback at the Boston Theatre the other evening. The man rang it out once too often and paid \$20 fine for his charming Miley in the Police Court.

Some brilliant fellow has distinguished himself and immortalized Miss Madden by writing: "Oh! sweet Minnie Madden, for you I am sadder'n, I 'en thought I could be before."

Clara Wieland, the "Regina Juno" of James Fisk, Jr.'s days, died in a Newark (N. J.) insane asylum recently, aged about thirty-eight. She was a Bavarian by birth.

It was but a few weeks ago that a woman in England by the name of Crawford got upon the witness stand, and with hardly a blush, made oath to the depth of her own lewdness. Now it is proposed to send her to America to act. The American public would, it is said, flock to see her.

What the American public has done to merit such an insult is not clear. It has endured or even toadied to persons without character or other standing than that derived from intimate association with the Prince of Wales. But for a woman to come, heralded by reports of her degradation and boasting no capital but a tarnished name is something different. The merely bad woman is not made a heroine here. She should find doors barred as tightly in this country as in her own. Her plaudits ought to come from empty benches and her only flowers be the withered nosegay decorating her unhalloved person.

Unfortunately, I fear the contrary will be the case. Just as Violet Cameron promises to be all the more popular on account of her disgraceful scandal with Lonsdale, Mrs. Crawford will be a "big hit" socially as well as artistically because her paramour was a baronet.

WOODEN SPOON.

OUR PICTURES.

The Chief Events of the Week Pictorially Delineated.

Female Prisoners Escape.

Two women confined in jail at Bedford, Ind., made their escape the other night by letting themselves down from a second-story window to the ground with sheets and a blanket taken from their bed. Deputy Sheriff Day caught one of them near Mitchell.

Drowned by a Dog.

Frank Wood, with a companion and a large setter, was rowing on Onondaga Lake, on Aug. 29, when the dog, by changing from one side to the other, upset the boat. The dog persisted in climbing upon Wood's shoulders, thus ducking the man's head as he swam toward the shore until he became exhausted and sank in eight feet of water.

Chinese Salvationists.

The other afternoon the newly-organized "Chinese Salvation Army" introduced a new movement in the Chinese quarters, San Francisco, Cal. The army consisted of four Chinese youths from the Clay Street Mission School, headed by a white man named Jones. After singing Christian songs in their native tongue, the Celestial salvationists addressed the large crowd of Chinese present and urged them to forswear their heathen deities. A large crowd was attracted by the novel spectacle, and good order prevailed.

One Silent Woman.

At Crawfordsville, Ind., Aug. 28, Jeff McDonald and wife left their house in charge of a servant girl, and on their return in about an hour found her on the floor insensible, bound and caged. After the girl was restored to consciousness she stated that two men entered the house and with pistols at her head bound and gagged her and then proceeded to rob the house. They got a small amount of money and some jewelry. That it occurred so early in the evening and in a populous part of the city has made the robbery the topic of general conversation.

The Plot Failed.

The city of Augusta, Ga., was thrown into consternation by a dynamite explosion Aug. 29, at 10 o'clock, P. M. The explosion took place at the house of Loo Chong, a wealthy Chinaman, and was evidently intended to put him out of the way. Fortunately he was not in bed at the time and escaped death. The explosion took place directly under the Chinaman's bed and tore up a hole of 12 by 5 feet. Hundreds of persons were attracted to the spot, and are around it at this hour. The police have taken charge of the building. There are many theories as to the cause. Loo Chong came here some years ago and married a white girl of respectable family. Bitter feeling has existed against him, and some think this had something to do with the dynamite explosion of to-night.

Robbed and Nearly Killed.

On Sunday last a man giving the name of J. H. Raymond registered at the West Side Hotel, Chicago, and advertised in the daily papers for a hotel clerk to go into the country who could deposit \$75 as security. A young man named W. H. Hamilton called at Raymond's room in answer to the advertisement and was greeted smilingly. When the applicant had seated himself, however, and Raymond learned that he had \$61 with him, the door was locked and the would-be employer at the point of a revolver attempted to force his visitor to give up the money. Failing in this he assaulted Hamilton brutally, striking him on the head with the butt of his revolver until the young man was almost insensible. Then taking the cash from his victim he hastily made his escape from the hotel and has not been arrested. Hamilton was removed to the County hospital where it was found on examination that his skull had been fractured in several places. His condition is so serious that it is feared his chances of recovery are very doubtful. The police are looking for Raymond.

Lovely Tresses Lost in the Surf.

A hum of admiration issued from a crowd lying about the beach at Santa Cruz, Cal., the other morning, when a jauntily attired young woman, whose most noticeable feature was a luxuriant growth of raven black hair, snugly ensconced beneath a silk swimming cap, made her appearance in the water. At the moment of her entry three very heavy breakers dashed themselves upon the sands. The effect upon half a score of female beauties bathing was, to say the least, demoralizing; but upon her of the raven tresses the surf seemed specially bent. A complete reversion of that perpendicularity incident to both man and womankind followed, and a gallant amateur at once sought out the unfortunate. Braving her to the surface was the work of but a second for the swimmer, but in the melee with the waters the lady's hair had disappeared. A general grin on shore ensued, and those sharp enough espied the lady's assistant bravely endeavoring to hide a mass of "real natural" in a bathing hat. The lady soon left the water, as things resumed the even tenor of their way.

The Coachman's Bride.

For several weeks past Victoria Morosini-Schelling has made herself quite conspicuous by promenading on Broadway in the cool of the afternoon with a chunky, broad-shouldered young man, whom everybody at once knew was not "Ernest, the car-driver," from the fact that at the time of the elopement the illustrated papers made his features quite familiar to all. Her appearances on the stage at the Casino have rendered her generally recognizable on the street as well, and therefore it is not possible for her to go about without attracting attention. As long as she promenaded with Ernest the saucy tongues of gossips wagged idly, but since Ernest has been displaced by the gentleman described there is naturally much talk. I saw them on Sunday last at the Brighton pier, at Coney Island, enjoying a cream and lemonade in the most rustic fashion. The tender glances exchanged by them attracted my attention, and had I not known to the contrary, I should for this reason have sworn he was Ernest, the beloved, for whom she had forsaken home and fortune. The sequel of the story, fortunately, is that the young man was an emissary of her father, and that Victoria is now in a Montreal Convent on a year's probation after which she will return home.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.



Daisy Rorhde.

Last week we published a very striking illustration of the cowhiding of Malachi Krebs, the editor of the *Statesman*, printed at Boise City, Idaho, where the affair took place. Above we present an excellent portrait of the plucky young dame who did the whipping in the editorial sanctum. The item that caused Miss Rorhde to defend her wounded feelings is this: "Tuesday evening last, while two young ladies were out riding on horseback, they were followed by an Idaho street strumpet, who took great delight in riding close behind them and at times whipping up her horse and riding just in front of the young ladies. One of the young ladies being on a horse she could not manage very well, there was great danger of her being thrown to the ground. This same strumpet here alluded to can be seen riding through the streets at a break-neck gait most any evening, and the marshal should keep a watch on her, and if her outrageous conduct is repeated arrest her and let her spend a night in jail. It would do her good."

Wife Murder and Suicide.

The morning of Aug. 31, Frank Lake shot and killed his wife and then himself at the residence of a son, at La Grange, Mo. Until a year ago Lake and wife resided on a farm one mile south of La Grange. At the date named he left home and did not put in an appearance again till three days ago. Before leaving home Lake and wife failed to agree, and numerous brawls and family fights were the result. On returning home the family feud was resumed, and Lake ended it for the time by driving his wife from the homestead and its shelter. A son engaged in the saloon business gave Mrs. Lake a home, but this did not afford her protection. Early the fatal morning Lake came to town, and called at the son's as though on a friendly visit. He appeared to be in an affable mood, was cheery in conversation, and spoke pleasantly to all persons in the house, including his wife. Suddenly the purport of his visit was made known by the act of drawing a revolver, which was discharged, the bullet striking the wife in the face. Three shots in all were fired. Lake then placed the revolver to his own heart, pulled the trigger, and fell a corpse. These people had been married about thirty years.

An Accomplished Scoundrel.

Frank X. Byron, a young man of twenty-five or thereabouts, is under arrest on a charge of forgery and embezzlement, committed in Boston which, however, are supposed to form but a small portion of his misdoings. Byron obtained employment in a bookstore last week, and at once began the "funny business" which ended in his arrest. Byron is said to be wanted in Topeka for bigamy, forgery and embezzlement, and it is also said that he is wanted in Canada for the embezzlement of \$8,000 or \$8,000 from the Singer Sewing Machine Company, and that certain boarding-house keepers in New London, Conn., are anxious to see him punished for "board jumping" and obtaining money on false pretenses. Byron is said to be a most expert chirographer, and his alleged forgeries are described as marvels of accuracy, even to the minute details. His pseudo wife, whose former name was Florence Cooley, is but eighteen years old. Up to recently, when he appeared in court, she had implicit faith in his integrity. The poor girl is now plunged in bitter despair over her unhappy position.

Beaten and Robbed.

William McClintock, an old and wealthy farmer of Columbus, Ind., was induced by two sharpers, on some unknown pretext, to come to Columbus and draw \$5,000 from the bank. In company with these men he started on his return, and when a few miles out they beat and robbed the old man, and threw him out on the road. His failure to return home caused a search to be made, and he was found where he had been thrown by the thieves. He is so badly beaten and excited that he is unable to give an intelligent account of the robbery.

The robbers took a buggy hired from a livery stable and sent it back later from Edinburg, ten miles north of Columbus, from whence it is supposed they took the train for Indianapolis. The sheriff and a posse are after them. The thieves have been working up the plot on McClintock for ten days past.

Diabolical Outrage.

Near Tallapoosa, Ga., the family of Mr. Wallace, a respectable farmer, was sick, and the mother sat up watching. The night of August 31, near midnight, a number of men surrounded the house and began firing off their pistols. Wallace went to the door and begged them to desist. Maddened by his appeal four men seized him and entered the house, where they found Mrs. Wallace. While three of the ruffians held the husband as a spectator of the sight the fourth rav-

ished the wife. In this manner the four gratified their lust, keeping up their orgies all night. Next day one of the party was arrested and is now in jail at Buchanan, Ga., where he weeps for protection from the mob, which, it is anticipated, may make short work of him to-night.

Dastardly Assassination.

An atrocious assassination, very much resembling one of the Mollie Maguire murders that disgraced the coal regions years ago, took place near Shamokin late the night of Aug. 31st. Anthony Gillespie, aged 30, a storekeeper and unmarried, residing at Mount Carmel, started for Shamokin on horseback. In the evening his saddled horse wandered back to Green Ridge, two miles from Pottsville, and search being made Gillespie was found in the woods near Shamokin with three bullet holes in his head. The coroner is making an investigation, and a posse of officers are searching the hills for the murderers.

ALMOST TRAPPED.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Not many years ago a prominent minister, who afterward became a bishop, told at the dinner table of a gentleman, after the ladies had retired, an incident equally illustrative of the perils of New York and of the simplicity of the man. He was walking through a side street not very far from his parsonage, when he observed a girl at the sidewalk crying. She seemed to be only about twelve years old, and the good pastor felt moved to inquire what might be her loss or grief. "Oh," said the girl, "I have been looking to find a minister who will go to see my mother. She is poor, and none of these rich ministers will go to see her."

"I am a minister," said the rector; "where is your mother?"

He took the child's hand, and it hardly occurred to him as he went along the pavement that some individual, perhaps some policeman, noted him particularly in his careful and almost clerical dress accompanying a child evidently far beneath his own station. He went along the street, descended to Third avenue and continued beyond it, and the child turned into a house, going through a hall. The minister went up the flight of stairs and the girl beckoned him further on. Something he saw or felt or had reflected, caused him to pause. He now looked at the child's face again and saw a different light in it from what had appeared upon the street. A feeling of fear took possession of him and he said:

"I won't go up there without some person I know to accompany me."

The child turned, and, running down a few steps, seized him fast, and said:

"If you don't give me money I'll have you arrested for following me home."

He saw in a moment the situation he was in—liable to be paraded in every newspaper of the town, next day for indulgences he had never conceived, his motives misconstrued, his family and congregation scandalized.

At that moment he saw the bright badge of a policeman come up the hall, and supposed himself to be already in the meshes of the law. But the man spoke to him by name, told him that he had followed him under the belief that he was deceived, and thereupon arrested the girl and her mother, who followed that line of business and kept respectable men spotted, so to speak, so as the better to decoy them. In one of Ford's or Beaumont's plays occurs this very scene, dating back to the commencement of the seventeenth century, where a low family maintain a child no better than themselves to be sold to men for the purpose of involving them with ruin or blackmail.

DARING FEAT OF A BICYCLER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A daring and foolhardy feat was performed by a bicyclist the other afternoon at Cabin John Bridge, near Washington. The place is a general pleasure resort about twelve miles from town, over the military road built by Jeff. Davis while the latter was Secretary of War. The bridge is said to be the largest single span of masonry in the world. It is 125 feet high and about 200 feet long, a single magnificent arch spanning a deep and rocky gorge.

There is a brown-stone coping on the three-foot wall on either side of the roadway. This coping is about a foot broad, and is beveled on the two upper edges for an inch or two. On the inside of these walls is the solitary roadway above the duct. On the outside is a perpendicular descent of about 125 feet in the centre of the bridge, and no less than 75 feet at either abutment. The young man stopped and dismounted at the end of the bridge and lifted his machine upon the coping. The act was noticed by a couple of gentlemen smoking under the trees, but it was looked upon as the freak of a young man who had been drinking a little too much, and no particular attention was paid to it. The next moment there was an exclamation of horror from the direction of the bridge, and the young man was seen mounted upon his 30-inch wheel, deliberately riding along the narrow coping. The sight froze the blood of the ladies and children picknicking in the gorge below, and was enough to appal the stoutest heart. The gentlemen in front of the hotel started to their feet and called to the other wheelmen within. "Stop him! For God's sake stop him!" shouted a lady with two children clinging to her, wringing her hands with fright. It was too late. The young man was already in the centre of the bridge. He never swerved a hair's breadth from his seat. From the end of the bridge he seemed a toy machine running by mechanism, so erect and motionless he sat and so evenly he rode. "Let him alone," cried one of his companions, "he could ride it if it was a rope." Nevertheless, the fear that interference might hasten the horror that all wished to prevent left the party rooted to the spot. In two places the coping makes a zigzag by the widening of the roadway, and at these places the rider must steer his wheel through a very narrow space at nearly right angles with his course. The daring fellow had passed the first of these ticklish spots, and when he carefully wore round the second not a single one of the horrified spectators could draw a breath for fear. From thence to the end was a short and straight run, and in another moment the young man had completed his dangerous ride, dismounted and was waving his hand laughingly at the frightened men and women and children who had witnessed it.

JOHN KNIFTON.

[With Portrait.]

In this issue will be found a portrait of John Knifton, of London, Eng., a pugilist who is better known as "the eighty-one tonner." Knifton is thirty years of age and weighs over 230 pounds. It is owing to his

great muscular proportions that he has been styled the 81-tonner. His dimensions are as follows: Height, 6 feet 2½ inches; weight, 230 pounds; chest measurement, 47½ inches; biceps, 17½ inches; calf, 18½ inches; waist, 38 inches. Knifton is now matched to fight Jim Smith for £400 and the championship of England.

LORD LONSDALE AND VIOLET CAMERON.

[With Portrait.]

The last London scandal which has furnished the English speaking people with lots of naughty gossip, is the affair of Lord Lonsdale and the pretty actress Miss Violet Cameron, who are on their way across the Atlantic to these shores, where the fair creature is to appear before the foot lights, while "me lord" will, it is alleged, do the gallant act after the manner of Freddy Gebhardt. Miss Cameron's lawful husband in the meantime has commenced an action for a divorce. Mr. David De Bensaude, the injured gentleman, makes the following affidavit: "I have read what purports to be a copy of the affidavit of Violet De Bensaude, my wife, sworn on the 4th of August. I say that the statements therein contained are totally untrue and deliberately inaccurate. It is not a fact that I have ever threatened my wife, nor have I ever used any personal violence to her in any shape or form or way whatever. I have never threatened to shoot or stab her or injure her in any way. At Edinburgh I became extremely dissatisfied with the conduct of my wife and Lord Lonsdale, and protested against it. They were continually going out with each other, being alone, and deceiving me entirely. In consequence of this, disputes arose between my wife and myself. On or about the 28th of July last I came to London and consulted my solicitors; and I believe they informed the solicitors acting for my wife that it was my intention to present a petition for divorce. On the 30th of the same month I returned to Newcastle, and found my wife and Lord Lonsdale together occupying the same sitting-room, out of which sitting-room and opposite it was the bedroom occupied by Lord Lonsdale, and next to his bedroom was that of my wife. I ascertained that my wife's mother, whom I had left with her, had left, and had been absent whilst I was away, and that the child had also been taken away. An altercation ensued between myself and Lord Lonsdale, the result of which was that I caused a summons to be issued against him for assault, which was heard on the 2d inst. at Newcastle-on-Tyne, when the magistrate inflicted a fine of 40 shillings, or in default one month's imprisonment, and advised him not to interfere between my wife and myself, nor to prevent my having access to her; notwithstanding which the said Lord Lonsdale continued to prevent me having any interviews or to see her, and prevented me going into the railway carriage of the train in which she was about to go to Leeds. I am about to file a petition for divorce from my wife on account of her adultery with the said Lord Lonsdale, and to ask for the custody of my child."

FELL FIFTY FEET.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A sensational and probably fatal accident occurred at Pittsburg, about 11 o'clock on the night of September 4. Policeman George Woods and a man named Edward Hennig, whom he was arresting, fell over a cliff to Locust street, and neither is expected to survive. Hennig had engaged in a street quarrel, and when the policeman arrived he took to his heels. Woods gave chase, and finally drew his revolver and shot at the fugitive, the ball taking effect in Hennig's left forearm. They were then not far apart, and when Hennig felt the ball he stopped and stood at bay just on the brink of a precipice fifty feet high. The men clinched, there was a short hard tussle, and suddenly both men disappeared. When other policemen arrived no one was in sight, but a faint cry over the cliff attracted their attention. Looking down, the two men were seen stretched at the bottom of the cut. Woods was unconscious and both were terribly injured. They were carried to the police station, and afterwards removed to a hospital where they are now lying.

KILLED ON A RAILROAD BRIDGE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Three young ladies were crossing the trestle work near Sauk Centre, Minn., the other afternoon when a Manitoba east bound train came along. They lost their presence of mind, became perfectly frantic and started back, but the engine was too close to be reversed. Miss Allen, eighteen years old, was instantly killed and horribly mangled, and Miss Flaven was seriously injured. The latter's sister escaped unhurt by jumping into the water, but is prostrated by the nervous shock.

GEORGE COVINGTON.

[With Portrait.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of George Covington, the famous jockey, whose mounts are nearly always first or second. He is now riding for the Lone Star stable, and on Sept. 3 at Brighton Beach he rode two winners.

FORTUNE'S FAVORS.

Madame Lacoste and Henry Reichstetter Win Prizes in the Louisiana State Lottery.

So true is it that luck is no respecter of persons that of two one-fifth tickets of the Louisiana lottery which commanded an equal proportion of the \$25,000 prize at the August drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery, and which had been sold in this city, one fell to a butcher's apprentice in South San Francisco and the other to the wife of a keeper of a well known rotschelle in Pine street, the former being in most humble circumstances and the latter presumably on the high road to affluence. Henry Reichstetter is the son of Gottlieb Reichstetter, a slaughterer, and both are employed by Miller & Lux. The young man is but 18 years of age, and is of honest and sturdy character. His good fortune delighted a host of acquaintances. In this instance Cupid and the fickle goddess joined purposes, for Reichstetter had been paying ardent attention to a lovely Teutonic maiden, and only the uncertainty of his pecuniary future delayed their union. All Butchertown may therefore be shortly expected to put on its most jocular aspect of exultation when the hopeful event actually occurs.

Madame Lacoste is the other prize winner. This was her first lottery ticket, and she was equally surprised and overjoyed to learn of the success of her venture. The ebullient Frank, her husband, is shyly reticent about the matter, but confesses that she has placed \$5,000 in his hands to be invested so as to yield the greatest amount of steady revenue.—*San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle*, Aug. 31.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



Herbert B. Williams, whose bright young face we print above, is one of the coming shoos in this country. He is a native of Georgetown, Me., where he is noted for his wonderful success at prize shooting in the State. Mr. Williams is at present stopping in Brooklyn, from where he will shortly start on a tour through the country, giving exhibitions of his skill at the principal theatres.

Prof. J. De Silver.

This well-known sporting man, proprietor of the celebrated performing dog Major, is portrayed on another page.

Charles G. Sollers.

Chas. G. Sollers is the champion three-year-old of Pennsylvania. He resides at Harrisburg, and is a pet among the sporting fraternity.

Isaac Coomas.

Isaac Coomas, the all-round athlete of Fennimore, Wisconsin, is well known throughout the State as a first class athlete. He has figured in numerous contests with varied success.

Arthur G. Sedgwick.

On another page we print a portrait of A. G. Sedgwick, who was sent to Mexico on a mission by Secretary Bayard, to look out for American citizens across the Rio Grande. Several wicked charges have been made against our representative by the press, who allege that Sedgwick has done nothing but paint Mexico a delightful red ever since he has set foot upon the Greaser soil.

Mack McCauley, Jr.

McCauley is wanted by Detective Porter, of Nashville, Tenn., on the charge of forgery. He will pay a reward of \$100 for his capturo. The following is a description of the nimble gentleman: Age, thirty-six years; 5 feet 11 inches high; weight, 145 to 150 pounds; slender build, light brown hair, heavy blonde mustache, light brown or blue eyes, medium fair complexion. Until recently he has been engaged in running a country store, and has the appearance of a country merchant. He dresses moderately well and is a good talker.

Major.

Major is a full-blooded Russian water spaniel nine years old. He was born on a Russian vessel coming to Philadelphia nine years ago, was given to Prof. DeSilver when two months of age. He was trained by the professor, and made his first appearance at a benefit of James Howard, on Ridge avenue, Philadelphia, when seven months old, and when one year old was known from one end of Philadelphia to the other as the talking dog Major, almost saying distinctly, "I'm all broke up" and "No, I won't." Among his numerous tricks, of which he does thirty-two, is the one of bringing all the colors constituting the different flags of the nations and laying the colors side by side for whatever flag his master calls for. He has been all over the United States, several times, and one time three years ago, the professor was offered \$2,000 for him in Chicopee Falls, Mass., but he politely refused the offer. Later he was presented with a collar while at Austin & Stone's Museum, Boston, by a gentleman named Kendall.

Harry B. Palmer.

Palmer, who is now in jail in Chicago charged by his wife with making threats to kill her, and also, it is said, with obtaining money by false pretenses, has had a very checkered career. He is a confidence man of no mean caliber, and is wanted in every big city in the Union. An official who has known him for years said:

"He calls himself the 'Dandy Fly Rooster.' His game is to advertise for 'Young men for light business; no experience necessary,' and then to palm off a stove polish or Parisian toilet soap scheme. He would hire a room and get a table and a couple of chairs. When the victim handed over \$100 to \$500 for an interest in the business, Palmer would get up and go out."

"He has been arrested and jumped his bail in Cleveland, Cincinnati, New York, Boston and other cities. In Cleveland Stevens & Case mourn him to the tune of \$500. A month later he was arrested at Cincinnati for working his game and he then visited Detroit. He stayed there one day and left with \$500 of a green-horn's money. In New York he has found at least a hundred victims, one of them being a man named Van Brandt, who 'gave up' \$500 on the stove polish racket. In Philadelphia James Strong gave him all his earnings of five years and found he had paid for a soap bubble. In Chicago he has swindled dozens of persons, but has always escaped arrest, as he was cute enough to throw his victims on the wrong scent."



JAKE GAUDAUR,
OF ST. LOUIS, THE NOTED OARSMAN, CHAMPION SCULLER OF THE UNITED STATES.



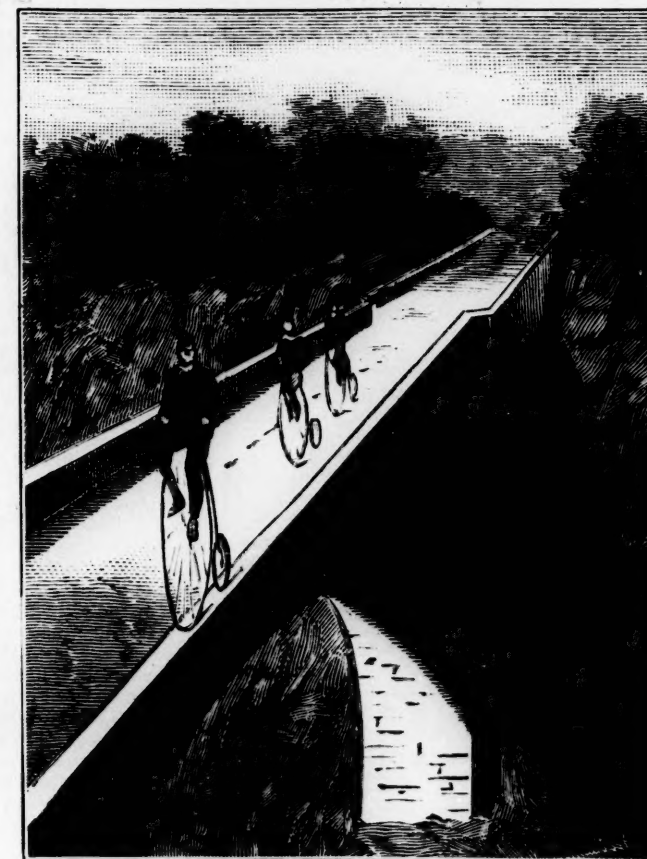
FELL FIFTY FEET.
POLICEMAN WOODS, OF PITTSBURGH, AND EDWARD HENNIG TAKE A SOCIABLE DROP TOGETHER.



CUT OFF BY FLAMES.
THE GALLANT RESCUE BY OFFICER CONICK OF CHICAGO,
OF NINE MEN SUFFOCATING IN SMOKE.



DROWNED BY HIS DOG.
FRANK WOOD'S SETTER REVERSES THE USUAL RULE
BY CAUSING HIS MASTER'S DEATH AT ONONDAGA, N. Y.



A DARING FEAT.
HOW A RECKLESS BICYCLIST RODE ALONG THE COPING
OF CABIN JOHN BRIDGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.



PETER WELTER,
ARRESTED ON A CHARGE OF MURDER BY CAPT.
NEWITT OF EVANSVILLE, IND., POLICE.



MATT MCCAULEY, JR.,
WANTED AT NASHVILLE, TENN., ON A CHARGE
OF FORGERY, \$100 REWARD FOR HIS CAPTURE.



HARRY B. PALMER,
THE "DANDY FLY ROOSTER" WHO WORKED THE
STOVE POLISH GAME, COLLARED IN CHICAGO.



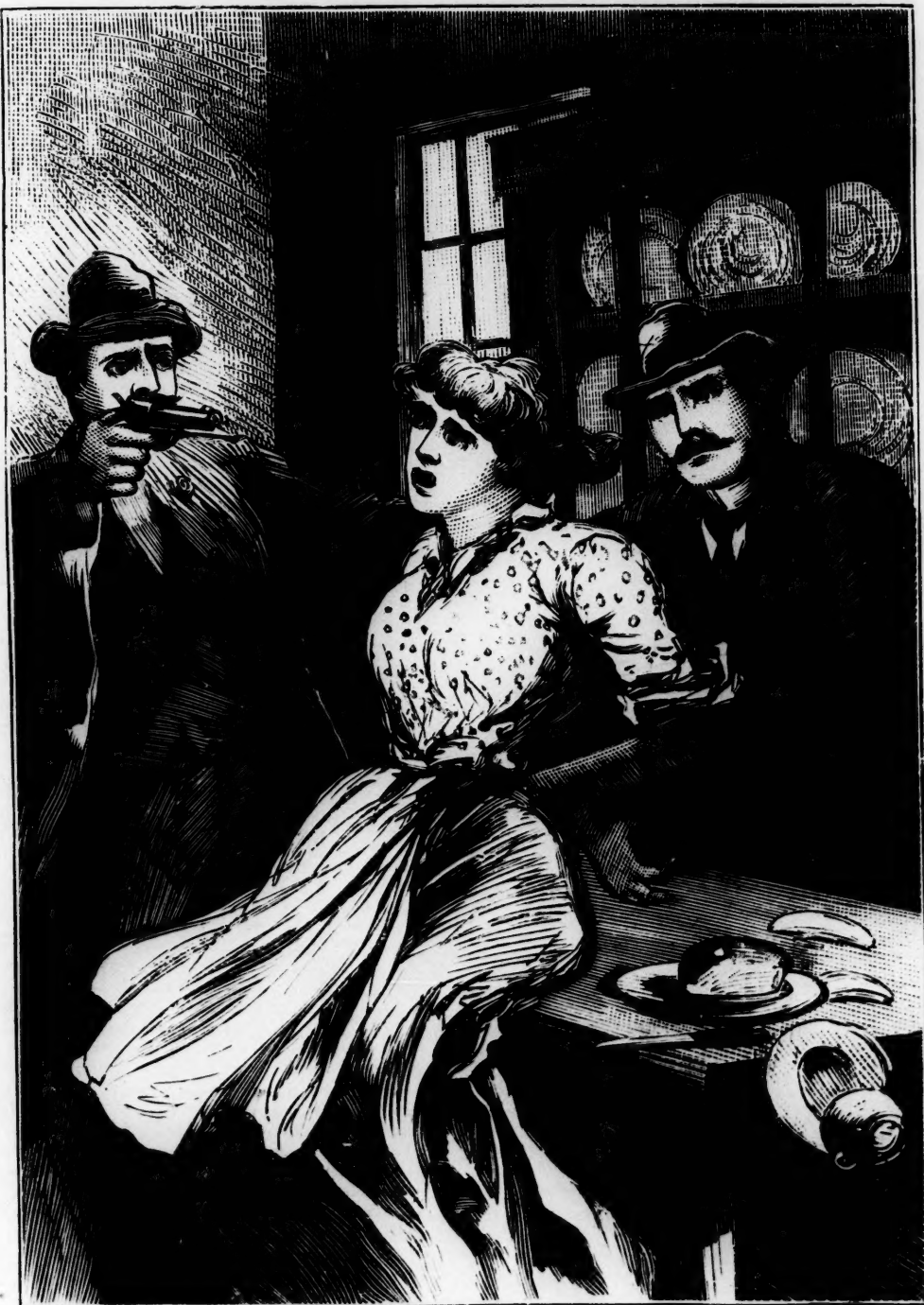
ARTHUR G. SEDGWICK,
OUR ENVOY TO MEXICO WHO IS CHARGED WITH
PAINTING THE GREASER SOIL A BRIGHT RED.



VIOLET CAMERON,
THE ATTRACTIVE LONDON ACTRESS WHO IS COMING TO AMERICA UNDER THE
PROTECTION OF LORD LONSDALE.



LORD LONSDALE,
THE DANDY ENGLISH SWELL WHO KNOCKED-OUT VIOLET CAMERON'S HUSBAND
AND CAPTURED THE DAISY.



A SILENT WOMAN.
MR. JEFF M'DONALD'S SERVANT-GIRL AT CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., IS BOUND AND
GAGGED BY BURGLARS.



SHE LOST HER HAIR.
THE DEPLORABLE ACCIDENT WHICH BEFELL A LADY WHILE BATHING AT
SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA.

BARBARITY.

A Half-witted Young Girl is
Whipped to Death in an
Ohio Penitentiary.

THRASHED WITH RUBBER HOSE

The Fiendish Inhumanity of the Frank-
lin County Authorities.

The following is the report recently made in the Ida Crawford case by Gov. Foraker's commission:
COLUMBUS, Ohio, Aug. 19, 1886.
Gov. Joseph B. Foraker, president ex-officio Board of State Charities:

DEAR SIR—In accordance with your direction to institute inquiry concerning the alleged abuse of Ida Crawford, an inmate of the Franklin county infirmary, whose death occurred in that institution on the 10th inst. under circumstances that led to suspicion, upon the part of relatives and friends, that her death was the result of said abuse, and that said inquiry should be made with a view to determining whether a formal



The engineer.

Investigation of complaints would be necessary. I have the honor to submit the following statement:

Ida Crawford, from the statement of her mother, was born in June, 1862, and at the age of fourteen years was sent to the State institution for the education of feeble-minded youth; remaining in that institution a few months, she was sent home for vacation, subsequently returning to the institution, where in course of time it became apparent that she was encephalic, the "trouble" occurring while at home during vacation. Under these circumstances she was sent home again and subsequently sent to the county infirmary, where she gave birth to a stillborn child. From the infirmary, when she was eighteen years of age, she was admitted to the Columbus Asylum for the Insane. The circumstances of her admission and discharge from the Asylum for the Insane is taken from the records of that institution and is appended hereto. (Marked appendix A.) She was discharged Aug. 20, 1881, as "unimproved," probably returning immedi-



Raving.

ately to the infirmary. Ida was short in stature, but quite robust in body and healthful except at monthly periods, when mental disturbances occurred, attended with more or less excitability, irritable temper and very often manifestations of violence.

At such times she was exceedingly troublesome and regarded as dangerous often, but always exceedingly disagreeable. She was giving to striking, kicking, biting and the use of profane and obscene language. Mr. Filler, the present superintendent of the infirmary, says that the matron (a former one) had

told him that for such conduct Ida must be whipped, and that it had been "the custom for one of the male employees to lay her over his knee, pull up her clothes and spank her bare body."

In regard to her behavior during the paroxysms of mania there is no conflicting statement. There is, however, a diversity of opinion as to the cause. Her relatives think she was of feeble and of unsound mind. Mr. Filler is very clearly of the opinion, and very candid in his statement of his belief, that "Ida never was crazy; she was hysterical and vicious and a devilish creature, not bright mentally, but not an idiot." Some weeks ago (seven or eight, Mr. Filler says) Ida, in company with another female inmate, ran away from the infirmary. This fact was telephoned at once to the city. They were arrested the same evening, June 6, and placed in prison, kept over night and the following morning returned to the infirmary, two men, the driver of the infirmary wagon and another man, going for them. Mr. Filler states on the authority of the driver that Ida fought viciously against being taken back, and that she, "in one of her struggles, had fallen over the wheel of the vehicle, possibly hurting



Parental chastisement.

herself at that time; that when brought back they were sent to the lodge (a separate building for insane) and the two girls locked in one cell. Against this treatment Ida revolted, using very offensive language, casting her silt and otherwise menacing the matron; that the matron called the steward, a new man "inexperienced and rather effeminate for service with such people as we have here." The steward summoned to his aid the engineer, who went with him, and, as I learned afterward, he (the engineer) whipped Ida with a piece of rubber hose. Mr. Filler says it was not by special order from him that this whipping occurred, but that it was done under a general order that for special outbreaks of violence she should be whipped.

The day following the whipping he saw Ida and inquired "What is the trouble?" when she pulled up her clothes and showed me the marks of the whipping. There were bruises upon her thighs below the body but above her knees.

Some time subsequently (the exact time is not known) Ida began (so the matron or attendant informed Mrs. Howard) spitting blood, and at the suggestion of the matron was removed from the lodge to the hospital room on the second floor of the main building. Here, according to her own (Ida's) statement made to her sister, Mrs. Howard, she found it inconvenient or painful to go up and down stairs, and so was removed to a room on the first floor of the building.

In assuming that Ida Crawford "was not crazy, but simply devilish," and that he had authorized the whipping at the hands of an employee, and in justifying as right and proper the punishment of such persons under such circumstances, is a grave mistake, and whether the whipping of Ida Crawford had anything to do with her death or not, the suspicion of her friends that she had been abused is fairly justified, and in view of the fact that there are to-day in Franklin County Infirmary, nearly 100 insane inmates, most of them shut up in narrow, dark and ill-ventilated cells, without, as a general thing, more



She is taken back.

care than is bestowed upon brutes, and the further fact that these conditions of the insane in our county infirmaries prevail throughout the State, would suggest the importance of thorough investigation of the



Ida bolts.

plaints, and whatever the fault of Mr. Filler may be, it is at fault at all, there will be found abuses (for which he is in no wise responsible) that now and for years have been pleading in vain for human care and sympathy.

I append hereto (appendix B) the certificate of Dr. N. Oetz, physician to the infirmary.

It was given in answer to a request by telephone to state particulars of the late sickness and cause of death of Ida Crawford.

The physician's certificate is rather a singular document, going beyond what might be regarded as professional to make a defense of Mrs. Sherner, against whom not even "rumor afloat" had alleged anything whatever, and to characterize as a "malicious lie" such rumors.

The rumors afloat had given just grounds to the friends of this poor unfortunate girl to suspect that her punishment had some connection with her sickness and death, and in no instance was there the least indication upon the part of Ida Crawford's family or friends of malicious feeling, but on the other hand Mr. Filler was spoken of in a kindly way.

The certificate in stating the cause of death, "aortic valvular disease of the heart," would suggest a refine-



Two in a cell.

ment of cruelty in the treatment of Ida Crawford that I feel confident, I know, Mr. Filler never would have consented to. He did not believe her to be crazy, but had he known that Ida had heart disease he never would have subjected her with such disability to the narrow cell, the noisome air and the exciting surroundings of the mad-house, to say nothing of having her flogged by a stout man with a piece of rubber hose. If

Mr. Filler is desirous that a full and thorough investigation be made. It is due him, as these complaints have been publicly made, that he should be allowed in a formal way to vindicate his good name and the fair fame he had attained as an infirmary superintendent.

As supplementary to this report I append a letter from him of current date with this report, in which he makes more explicit explanations of his administration.

In my visit to the infirmary on the 17th inst. I was accompanied by General John Beatty, resident member of the board, who was present when Mr. Filler made his statement; as substantially set forth in this report, and who visited the several apartments of the infirmary with me. Respectfully submitted,

A. G. BYERS, Secretary.

[Appendix A.]

Ida Crawford, No. 1060—Admitted March 24, 1881. Aged 19 years; civil condition, single; No. of children, one; age of youngest, one year; nativity, Ohio, county of Franklin; degree of education, none; habits of life, bad; religion, none; occupation, none; exciting causes, child birth; duration, one year; homicidal, no; suicidal, yes; number of attack, first; number of admission, first; form of mental disease, mania. Re-



Whipped with the hose.

marks—Has been at the Asylum for Imbecile Youth; discharged August 20, 1881, as unimproved.

C. M. FINCH, Sup't.

[Appendix B.]

COLUMBUS, O., August 17, 1886.

To whom this may concern:

This is to certify that the true cause of Ida Crawford's death was from aortic valvular disease of the heart.

This is to certify further, that during her illness she was nursed with the greatest possible care by the motherly assistant matron, Mrs. Sherner.

This is to certify further, that the rumor afloat that Miss Crawford's death was caused by unjust punishment is a malicious lie. Most respectfully,

DR. N. OETZ, Physician.

CUT OFF BY FIRE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Officer Conick saw a ribbon of fire steal out between the sash and the sill of an alley window of the third floor of a four-story stone building at 116 and 118 Franklin street, Chicago, at 7:20 the evening of Aug. 23. When he returned from his hurried run to a fire alarm box, half a block away, the alley was filled with smoke and great billows of flame were rolling up the side of the building and sending a shower of sparks into Washington street. While he was waiting for the engine to come he heard screams coming through the broken windows of the second and third stories. He called to Officer Ward, who was standing in the alley, and without a moment's delay ran up the entrance stairway. The hallway was choked with smoke, through which the officers could see the fire tumbling up and down the elevator shaft and sweeping toward them with great rapidity. Gropping their way through the smoke Conick and Ward came to a door on the third floor upon the inside of which a dozen or more



Showing the marks.

hands were pounding. The door was locked with a big padlock, and the key could not be found. The officers, reinforced by a Pinkerton roundsman, placed their shoulders against the panels and burst open the door. It had no sooner swung upon its hinges than nine men, who had been driven into the room from the floor above by the fast-spreading flames fell upon the officers and begged to be carried out. Nearly all were asphyxiated. One of the men, a big fellow with a brown mustache, was so overcome by his good fortune that he threw his arms around Conick's neck and began to cry.

WM. BRADBURN.

[With Portrait.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of Wm. Bradburn, the noted boxer, who has figured in numerous battles in the prize ring. He is now matched to meet Frank Herald. We recently published Bradburn's record.

FRIGHTFUL!

The Tremendous Earthquake Which Has Half Destroyed Charleston.

A VIVID PICTURE.

The Awful Scene Described in Hid- eously Thrilling Terms.

[Subject of Illustration.]

While engaged in his usual duties in the second story room of the *News and Courier* office at the time of the first shock, our correspondent's attention was vaguely attracted by a sound which seemed to come from the office below, and which was supposed for a moment to be caused by the rapid rolling of a heavy body, as an iron safe or a heavily laden truck over the floor. Accompanying the sound was a perceptible tremor of the building, not more marked, however, than would be caused by the passage of a street car or dray along the street. For perhaps two or three seconds the occurrence excited no surprise or comment. Then by swift degrees, or perhaps all at once, it is difficult to say which, the sound deepened in volume, the tremor became more decided, the ear caught the rattle of window sashes, gas fixtures and other loose objects. The men in offices, with, perhaps, a simultaneous flash of recollections of the disturbance of the Friday before, glanced hurriedly at each other and sprang to their feet with startled questions and answers—"What's that?" "Earthquake!" and then all was new! Jernment and confusion.

Then the long roll deepened and spread until an awful roar, that seemed to pervade at once the troubled earth and the still air above and around. The tremor was now a rude, rapid quiver that agitated the whole lofty, strong walled building as though it were being shaken by the hand of an immeasurable power with intent to tear its joints asunder and scatter its stones and bricks abroad as a tree casts its over-ripened fruit before the breath of the gale. There was no intermission in the vibration of the mighty subterranean engine. From the first to the last it was a continuous jar, only adding force at every moment, and as it approached and reached the climax of its manifestations it seemed for a few terrible seconds that no work of human hands could survive the shocks. The floors were heaving under foot, the surrounding walls and partitions swaying to and fro, the crash of falling masses of stone and brick and mortar was heard overhead, and without the terrible roar filled the ears and seemed to fill the mind and heart, dazing perception, bewildering thought, and for a few panting breaths, or while you held your breath in dreadful anticipation of immediate cruel death, you feel that life was already past and waited for the end as the victim with his head on the block awaits the fall of the uplifted ax.

A sudden rush was simultaneously made to endeavor to attain the open air and flee to a place of safety, but before the door was reached all reeled together to the tottering wall and stopped, feeling that hope was vain, that it was only a question of death within the building or without: to be buried by the sinking roof or crushed by the toppling walls. The uproar slowly died away in seeming distance. The earth was still, and oh! the blessed relief of that stillness. But how rudely the silence was broken! As we dashed down the stairway and out into the street, already on every side arose the shrieks, the cries of pain and fear, the prayers and wailings of terrified women and children, commingled with the hoarse shouts of excited men out in the street. The air was filled to the height of the houses with a whitish cloud of dry, stifling dust from the lime and mortar and shattered masonry which, falling upon the pavement and stone roadway, had been reduced to dust. Through this cloud, dense as fog, the gaslights flickered dimly, so that you stumbled at every step on the piles of brick, or became entangled in the lines of telegraph wires that depended in every direction from their broken supports. Everywhere were hurrying forms of men and women bareheaded, partially dressed, some almost nude, and many of whom were crazed with fear and excitement.

Here a woman is supported, half fainting, in the arms of her husband, who vainly tries to soothe her while he carries her into the open space at the street corner, where present safety seems assured; there a woman lies on the pavement with upturned face and outstretched limbs, and the crowd passes her by for the time, not pausing to see whether she be alive or dead. A sudden light flares through a window overlooking the street; it becomes momentarily brighter, and the cry of fire resounds from the multitude; a rush is made toward the spot: a man is seen doubled up and helpless against the wall, but at this moment somewhere out at sea, overhead, deep in the ground is heard again the low, ominous roll which is already too well known to be mistaken. It grows louder and nearer, like the growl of a wild beast swiftly approaching his prey, and forgotten again in the frenzied wish for the open space, where alone there is hope of security, faint though it be. The tall buildings on either hand blot out the skies and the stars are seen to overhang every foot of ground between them. Their shattered cornices and copings, the tops of their frowning walls seemed piled from both sides to the center of the street. It seems that a touch would now send the shattered masses left standing down upon the people below who look upon them and shrink together as the tremor of the earthquake again passes under them and the mysterious reverberations swell and roll along like some infernal drum beat summoning them to die, and it passes away, and again is experienced the blessed feeling of deliverance from impending calamity, which, it may well be believed, evokes a mute but earnest offering of mingled prayer and thanksgiving from every heart in the throng.

WHAT A HORSE WILL DO.

The barrel performances at Niagara Falls whirlpool have inspired the world-renowned animal trainer, Adam Forepaugh, with the belief that he can do some-

thing in a similar line which will not only make him famous, but present an unrivaled card for his father's show. It has leaked out at Niagara Falls that a horse was to walk a tight wire over the falls within a week or two. Thos. H. Davis, one of the managers of the show, said: "It is true that Blondin, Adam Forepaugh, Jr.'s, trained rope walker, is to make the attempt on September 12. The idea is to stretch a two or three inch steel cable across, either on the brink of or a little below the falls. The wire will have to be wrapped with cotton cord, so that Blondin's rubber shoes will stick to it. Blondin is a Morgan colt, four years old last spring, 14½ hands high, compactly built, and weighs 900 pounds. Adam began training him early last fall to walk the rope. At first the rope was placed only two feet from the ground, but before the circus started out he could do a 2½ inch rope 30 feet long and 20 feet from the ground. He goes backward as well as forward, and has never yet had a fall. He has no fear of falling, and I don't think there is any doubt but that he will go over the falls all right on a still day. It is easier for a horse to walk a rope than a man after he knows how, for he has more legs to balance himself with. Blondin is of a mild and tractable disposition. I don't think he will be afraid at all, but if he should be, Leslie, who does the slack wire, will go with him."

MURDEROUS MOONEY.

Mike Mooney, the prison Jumbo of Joliet, Ill., created a whirl of excitement in the prison wire mill the afternoon of Sept. 2, by making a murderous assault upon a foreman named George Burroughs. The desperado and murderer has been watched very closely by the prison officials since his return to the prison on a life term for murdering his cell-mate, John Anderson, but Mooney seemed to attend closely to his work until that day, when he was reprimanded by Foreman Burroughs for not keeping up the fires in the annealing furnace, it being Mooney's duty to stoke the furnaces with a long iron poker and keep the wire red hot. When spoken to by Burroughs, the desperado quickly drew his poker from the furnace and attempted to drive the point of the hot iron into the body of the foreman. Burroughs saw the danger just in time to ward off the blow, springing to one side, and fled down the shop for his life, with the giant Mooney and his toasting-fork in close pursuit. Burroughs sprang through a side door out of the devilish convict's reach. Mooney attempted to follow, but Officer Pettis, the shop guard, made a grab for the stoking iron, and succeeded in wrenching it from the desperado's hands. Mooney then turned upon the guard and struck him several blows on the head with his fist. Supt. Paulson came up behind Mooney, and attempted to pinch his arms, but Mooney whirled around and threw Paulson half way across the shop.

Burroughs then hit Mooney with his fists and knocked him down, but the desperado was up again in an instant, glaring about for some weapon with which he might strike a death blow. By this time the convicts in the shop were in a fever of excitement. Half a dozen of them made a rush for Mooney. A hairy negro convict picked up a stick of wood, with which he dealt Mooney a fearful blow on the head, but it did not stagger him. The two convicts then clinched and felt, the negro being on top, with his hands clinched about Mooney's throat. It was all the guard and foreman could do to keep back the other convicts, who were laying to get at Mooney, and if they had been allowed to reach him they would undoubtedly have taken his life, as the convicts in the wire mill most thoroughly detest Mooney for the brutal murder of his inoffensive cell mate, Anderson. The negro came pretty near ending Mooney's career by choking him, but the officers pulled the negro off and took Mooney to the solitary, where he was thrust into a cell. But before reaching there he was loud in his threats against the life of Burroughs if he ever gets an opportunity of killing him. It is to be regretted that Burroughs was not armed with some weapon, so that he might have laid the desperado out cold and stiff. It is thought that Mooney is just desperate enough since his return to prison on a life term to not care the snap of his fingers for his own miserable existence, and that sooner or later he will kill some one else in the prison or lose his own life in the attempt.

On the night of May 30, 1884, Mooney and John Anderson occupied cell No. 310 in the east wing. At about 10 o'clock, when all the convicts are supposed to be in bed and asleep, the great silent cell-house was startled by a series of shrill screams, which gradually grew fainter and fainter and seemed to die away with a sound like the death rattle in a dying man's throat. The night keeper flew from gallery to gallery peering into each cell, until he came to No. 310, where he found John Anderson upon the floor clutching the bars of the iron-barred door with his hands, his face and breast covered with blood. Anderson was just able to hold up his head, and pointed at his throat so that the guard could see a ghastly cut on the neck. Anderson then fell back dead, not having spoken a word. The prison officers soon had the cell door opened, and found that Anderson had been frightfully stabbed in thirty-three different places. Mooney pretended that he was asleep until the guard came, and said that Anderson must have committed suicide. An ugly knife made out a 10-inch file and covered with blood was found on the cell floor. This knife belonged to and was made by Mooney, who had told several fellow-convicts that Anderson was a crank, and they need not be surprised to see Anderson carried out of the cell feet first some morning. Mooney had three trials and was twice sentenced to death for the murder. The third trial resulted in a life term. Mooney reaching the prison three weeks ago, and was placed at work in the wireshop again.

JAKE GAUDAUR.

[With Portrait.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of Jake Gaudaur, the champion carman of the United States, who on Sept. 18, is to measure spruces with William Beach, the Australian carman, for \$5,000 and the single scull championship of the world.

Mrs. Mary H. Fluke, the "Tiddy Gusher" of the New York *Mirror*, is suffering from a sprained ankle, and has to hobble to the metropolitan theatres on crutches. Her contributions to the press show no signs of lameness, and are as bright and sparkling as ever.

CATARH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. Lawrence, 212 East Ninth St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

A JERSEY HOTEL MYSTERY.

Hackman Sneeede and a Beautiful Southern Girl.

The city of Newark, N. J., is excited over a somewhat mysterious affair in which a beautiful young woman and a well-known cabman play the leading parts. About ten days ago there arrived at the Hotel Bristol a fashionably attired young man of distinguished appearance and his elegantly dressed sister, a young woman apparently about twenty-four years of age. For obvious reasons their names are concealed for the present, but will be made public in a day or two.

The brother and sister are members of a prominent family in Savannah, Ga., and they had come to Newark to dispose of some valuable property at Arlington, a few miles from there, of which they were the owners. The property was sold and the \$20,000 received for it was divided between them equally. The sister then announced her intention of proceeding to Hackettstown for a few days, as she wished to call upon friends who resided there. Her brother consented and agreed to remain at the Hotel Bristol until her return.

The young lady made her visit and returned to Newark on Wednesday night, August 25. She got into a hack driven by Henry Sneeede, a well known character around town, who was formerly a coachman in England. Instead of driving her to the Hotel Bristol, where her brother awaited her, Sneeede drove to a small hotel kept by Captain Donovan.

The Captain was sick in bed at the time, but the clerk gave them room No. 12 on the second floor. The young lady appeared dazed and frightened, but Sneeede represented that they had just been married and that her condition was due to nervousness. Sneeede at once began a debauch which lasted for six days. He said he was an English traveller, and he scattered money around in profusion. Champagnes of every brand were carried to the room occupied by the couple, and brandies and whiskies formed the principal portion of their orders.

Their meals were served in the room and nobody but the servant girl got a glimpse of the pretty Savannah girl. Captain Donovan came down from his sick bed and was astounded at recognizing his wealthy guest as Sneeede, the hackman.

"You are mistaken, sir!" answered the Englishman: "I never saw you before in my life."

While Captain Donovan was arguing with Sneeede the young lady's brother rushed into the room.

"I've been looking for my sister for a week," he cried, "and I believe she is in your house."

Captain Donovan and the brother went up to the room and found the girl lying on the bed in a partially stupefied condition, evidently from the effects of liquor. She said that Sneeede had drugged her and compelled her to drink large quantities of wine and whiskey. Sneeede had used \$175 of the girl's money. He had sent her satchel to F. W. Munn's livery stable, at No. 74 Chestnut street, where it was recovered. Its contents, \$10,000, were intact. Sneeede had not known of the fortune within his grasp. The brother found Sneeede in the barroom and pounded him almost into insensibility before he was dragged away. The brother and sister took the train for their home in the evening. Sneeede will be kept under police surveillance, as the brother promised to return next week and prosecute him.

THE HUMAN BRUTE WON.

A Sickening Fight Between a Man and a Bulldog.

One evening the past week it was discovered that there was considerable business going on in some of the livery stables in Oswego, N. Y. It was also noticed that the patrons of the stables were strangers in town, and were accompanied by local "sports." The few people who noted the business suggested that there was another cock fight or perhaps dog fight, but no one seemed to know the exact occasion for the stir. It leaked out, however, that the sporting event of the night was one without a parallel in this civilized community. The fight, as fight it was, was nothing less than a combat between a man and a dog. The place of meeting was east of the outskirts of the city. The human combatant was a French Canadian, and the canine was owned in a small town near Syracuse.

The Canadian, it is learned, has killed several dogs in similar encounters, and was backed by Ogdensburg and Canadian sports, to knock the dog out in seven rounds. The friends of the bull-dog had faith in his endurance and offered odds in his favor. The man was stripped of everything but underclothing and was rubbed over with some sort of oil, said to have been invented by the Indians of lower Canada, the value of which was not apparent to the spectators. Around the neck of the dog was a large iron collar to which was fastened a chain; attached to a post at the edge of the pit. A leather strap encircling the waist of the man was attached to a smaller post at an opposite point in the pit. The dog was held back to his post and the man kept the position at his post until the umpire said "let go." The man, gauging the length of the dog's chain, arched his back so that his body was out of reach of the canine, and struck him a blow on the head which brought him to his knees. The dog recovered instantly, and before the man could recover made a dart forward and sunk his teeth in his arm. There was great excitement; the dog was pulled back and this round ended with first blood in favor of the dog.

The man came up smiling for the second round; the dog darted forward, but was met by a tremendous blow under his ear from the sledge-hammer fist of the man, causing the dog to bleed freely and turning him over, but the dog recovered with surprising alacrity, made a dash and bit a chunk out of the fleshy part of the man's arm. This was the end of round two. Round three was the most exciting. The combatants got into closer quarters, the dog biting the man dreadfully and the man dealing terrific blows on the canine's head and ribs, the man getting the best of it. The fight was about even until the sixth round when the man dealt the dog a terrific blow under the ear, which rolled him over and dashed him against the stone wall of the pit. The canine's backers tried to revive him, but he refused to come up for another round, and the fight was declared in favor of the two-legged brute.

The men who witnessed the brutality, state that they would not again attend such a contest for any consideration. They say that the whole affair from beginning to end was horrible and sickening. They attended from the novelty of the fight, but did not expect to witness such brutality in this age of civilization. The Ogdensburg and Canadian sports are in

considerable money, and we suppose are ready to back the two-legged brute against any canine in existence. It is to be regretted that the disgraceful affair was held outside of the jurisdiction of the city, thus defeating any possibility of punishing the interested parties.

STARTED A RIVER.

A dispatch was received at the City Hall, Chicago, Aug. 31, from the Mayor of Belle Plaines, Iowa, which states that an artesian well four inches in diameter burst when the depth of 180 feet had been reached in boring, and instantly a volume of water was forced into the air to a distance of several hundred feet. This gradually increased in size and volume until a stream of water fully sixteen inches in diameter was formed, and the upward force of this stream is equal to the power of powder or dynamite. The water in huge volumes, is spouting high in the air, and the supply seems inexhaustible. Two gigantic rivers have been formed by this water burst, which are running through the town at the rate of twelve miles an hour, and carrying everything before them. Houses and lives are threatened by this peculiar freak of nature, and the citizens of the town are appalled at their impending danger, which at present they are powerless to overcome.

Finding it impossible to divert this damaging flood an attempt was made to insert 16-inch boiler iron tubes into the well, but these were instantly blown out and forced high in the air. Finding this plan useless, the terrified people then attempted to fill up the huge aperture through which this terrible river was spouting its deluge. Fifteen carloads of stone were emptied into the well, but these were instantly blown out and forced upward as though propelled by the force of a bursting magazine of giant powder. Bags of sand were then hastily constructed and cast into the well, but these, too, were hurled into the air by the tremendous force of the spouting water. The Northwestern railroad was then called upon for assistance, and instantly sent a large gang of men to the rescue. The bridge gang of the county was called upon, but no abatement in the flow of water was perceptible, and the rushing rivers formed by it were washing the channel it had made deeper and wider, while the basin formed by this immense volume of water was spreading over the lowlands in the vicinity.

The Mayor of Belle Plaines, in his last extremity, telegraphed to Chicago for the best engineers that could be secured to come immediately to the spot and use their skill and energy in attempting to stop this perilous condition of affairs. City Engineer Artlinsk, to whom the matter was referred, at once started out to find an engineer who would supply the demand, and succeeded in inducing Engineer Morgan to undertake the mission. Messrs. Artlinsk and Morgan are, however, both of the opinion that but little can be done, if anything, to stop the flow of water, but that it may be possible to direct the rivers into less dangerous directions and confine them to their present channels. Mr. Morgan left for Belle Plaines the other night, and if more assistance is necessary, Mr. Artlinsk will send all that is needed. This is regarded as one of the most phenomenal freaks of nature which has yet been known, and the threatened danger to the people and property of Belle Plaines demands instant and energetic efforts to stop the ruinous deluge of water.

SHE LOCKED HIM IN.

A good story as to how a frisky preacher got punished for his impudence reaches us from a neighboring settlement west of New Philadelphia, O. The reverend was on his way to his charge where he was to preach in the afternoon. He stopped at the farm house of a good brother for dinner where he had often had a good, square meal before. This minister was generally looked upon by his flock as a truly good man and one in whom there could be no guile. His long prayers and loud exhortations sank deep into the hearts of his hearers, and no one had the least suspicion that an evil thought could for a moment find lodgment in the good preacher's breast. On the day referred to, when he took dinner with the good brother's family, on his way to his charge, the reverend man seemed particularly pious and lowly. After dinner the reverend got the family started across the meadow to church, and told them he would be along as soon as he had read a chapter in his Bible and offered up his afternoon devotions.

The madame of the house was somewhat delayed by dish-washing and other household duties, and did not get started with the rest of the family. The preacher on retiring to his room passed through the kitchen, and shocked the good wife by a proposal he made for her to go with him to the smoke-house. Quickly recovering her equanimity, she consented, and told him to lead the way. Arriving at the door of the smoke-house, the sister requested the reverend to step inside, which he did, when she quickly turned the key and had him a prisoner. It was an awful predicament for a minister of the Gospel to be in, and he pleaded in piteous tones to be released. The congregation gathered at the church and wondered why the preacher failed to put in an appearance. After waiting an hour they scattered to their homes. When the farmer returned and he found the cause of the trouble, he set to pay right there, you can depend on it. They had discovered that they had been harboring a "wolf in sheep's clothing," and not until far in the night did they liberate their prisoner. He was released upon the promise that he would leave the neighborhood and never return. Whither he went no one knows. For some days the family kept the matter a secret, but it finally leaked out. For their sake names are suppressed.

PETER WELTER.

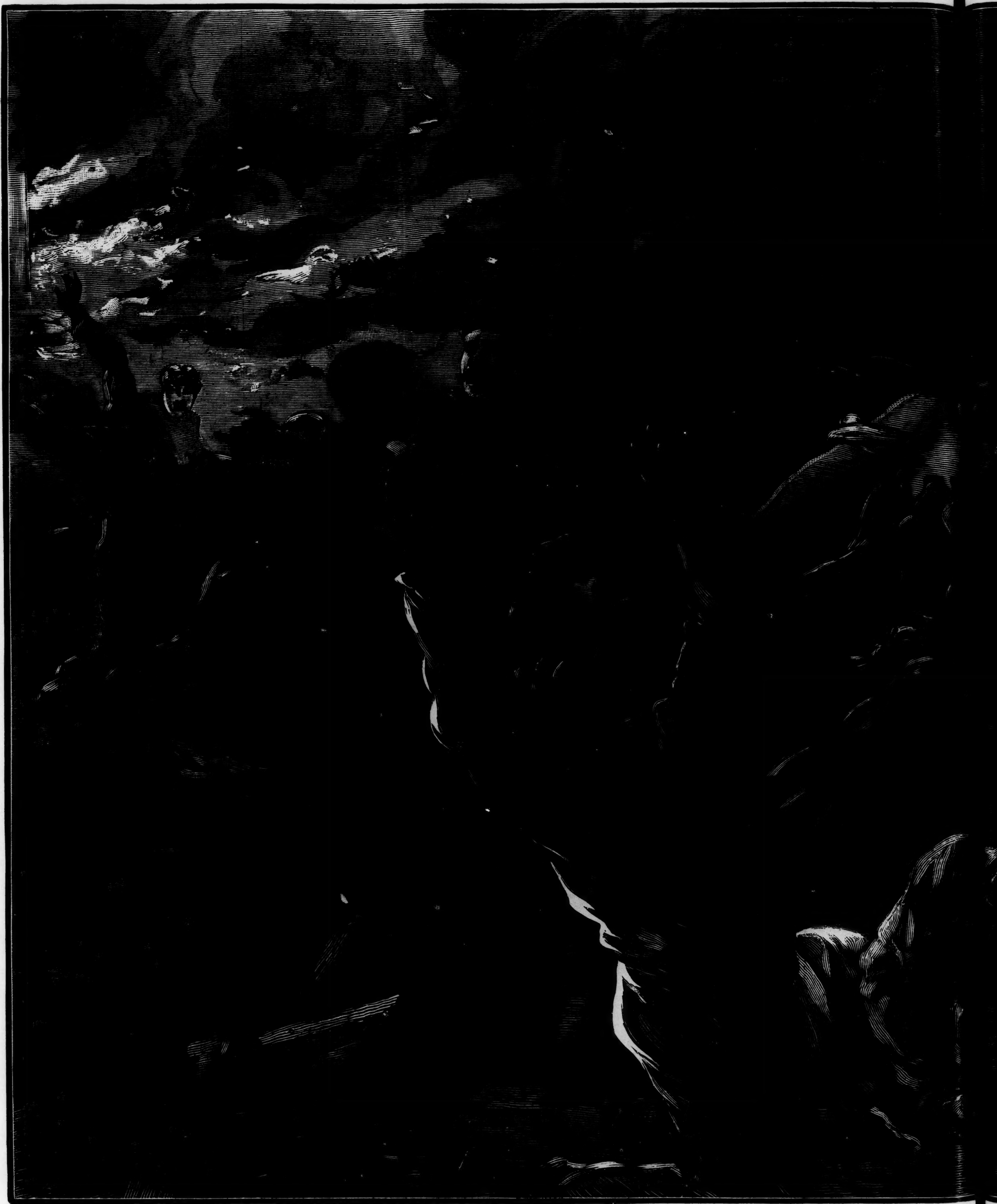
[With Portrait.]

We publish on our illustrated pages an excellent portrait of Peter Welter, who was arrested on Aug. 26 by Capt. George W. Newitt, of Evansville, Ind., police, on the charge of murder. A full account of the crime has already appeared in the local papers.

A DISAPPOINTED LYCHING BEE.

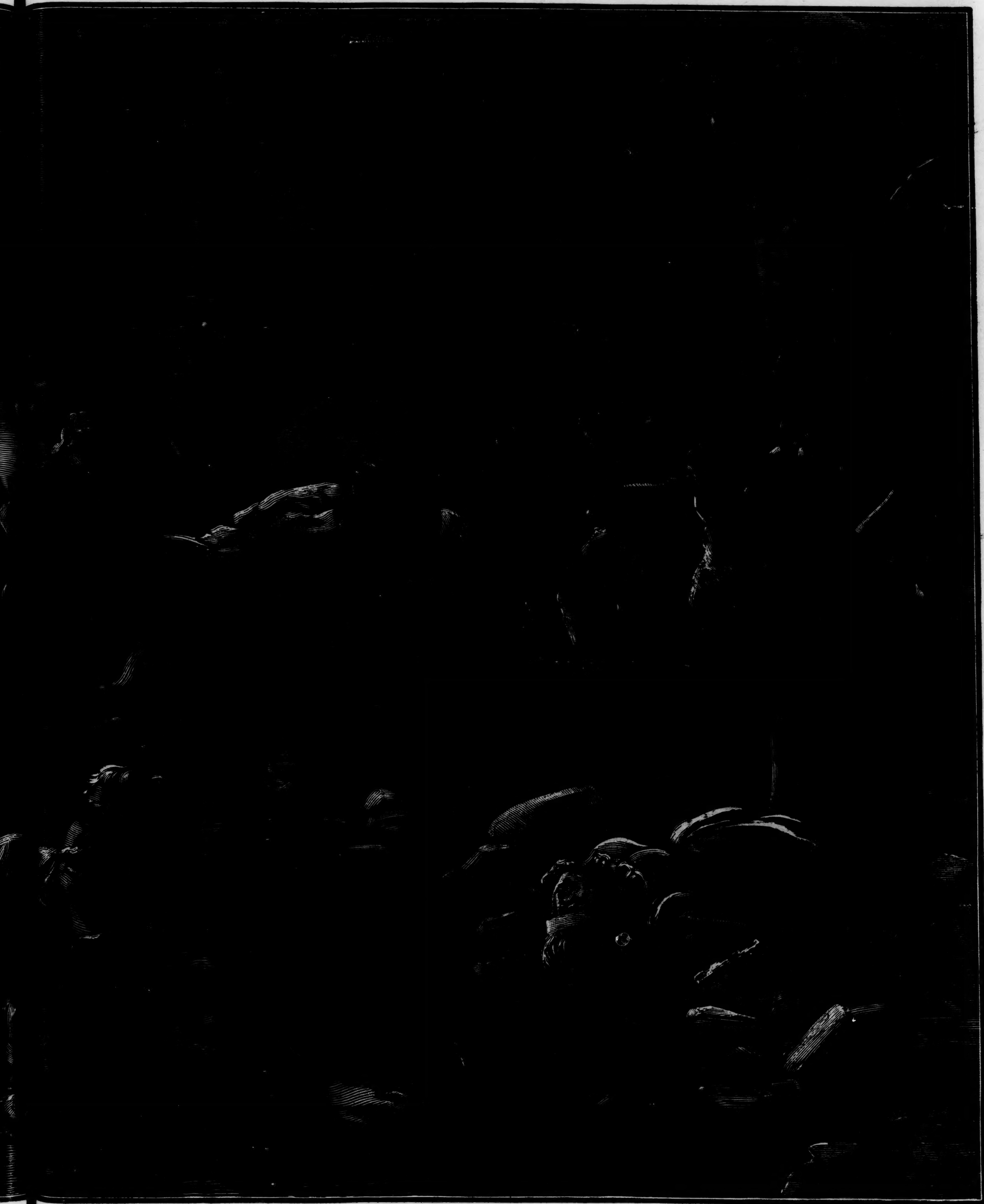
[Subject of Illustration.]

The Jail of De Soto County, Miss., was attacked by a mob of fifteen or twenty men last Friday night, who called out the jailer, W. H. Rollins, demanding his keys or his life. Rollins promptly answered, "Take my life." The mob tried to break down the doors, but failing, went away in disgust.



THE CATASTROPHE WHICH HAS OVERTAKEN

HOW THE HORRIBLE AND APPALLING SHOCK OF THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE STRUCK SUDDEN TERROR AND
TO THE GROUND, AND FILLED THE STREETS



THE QUEEN CITY OF THE PALMETTO STATE.

AND CONSTERNATION TO THE HEARTS OF HER INHABITANTS, LEVELLED HER PROUDEST HISTORIC BUILDINGS
WITH HOMELESS MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Events of the Week.

Bob Farrell wants to match Jim Connors to fight Paddy O'Leary of Cincinnati, with hard gloves to a finish, for a purse, at St. Louis.

George Godfrey, colored heavy weight champion of New England, offers to box any heavy weight in America six rounds for a purse.

The pending fight between Jim Smith, the champion of England, and John Kulliton, the St. Louiser, is creating quite a breeze in sporting circles in England.

Harry McCoy is teaching a class of twenty scholars in Evansville, Ind. McCoy states that he will fight any man in America, 145 pounds, for a purse, according to "Police Gazette" rules.

At Evansville, Ind., Harry McCoy, the middle-weight pugilist of the Western States, has signed articles of agreement to fight Bob Walker, the Indiana champion, for a subscription of \$100. The contest will be six rounds, "Police Gazette" rules, with two-ounce gloves.

Four miles south, on the bank of the Wabash river, near Lafayette, Ind., on Sept. 6, Charles Wheeler of Attica, Ind., and William Wilson of Lafayette, fought twenty-one rounds with skin gloves. Wheeler won, beating his opponent's face to a jelly, and being terribly pumiled himself.

Recently, Peter Nolan of Cincinnati, who defeated Jack Burke, offered Dominick McCaffrey \$1,500 and expenses to box him six or eight rounds at Chester Park within forty days. McCaffrey wanted \$2,500 and sixty days, so there was no further talk. McCaffrey is losing caste as a boxer.

Sporting circles in Chicago are looking forward to the battle encounter between Paddy Ryan and Frank Glover with eager interest. Ryan has trained for the affair, and his admirers expect he will knock Glover out. Glover is a first-class boxer, and holds the heavy-weight championship of Illinois.

Sam Bittle, the well-known Canadian pugilist has written a letter from Hamilton, Canada, denying that George LeBlanc had him beaten when the police stopped the match at Toronto. Bittle says only one round was fought, and that LeBlanc did so much rushing that the police supposed it would be a regular glove fight and stopped it. He claims: "LeBlanc will never live to see the day he can defeat me in a battle encounter, because he is not big enough in the first place, and not got the sand in the nest."

The "Police Gazette" Correspondent in Boston, writes that Joe Lannon and Frank Herald are to box and that Herald agrees to visit Boston and box eight rounds with Lannon, Queensberry rules, upon any date the Club Club might name. The contest may be set down as sure to come off, since the purse for which the men are to meet, an unusually large one, has already been subscribed. The meeting will be a strictly private one, and will occur under the auspices of the gentlemen contestants, at the rooms of a private club in this city, during the present month.

"In reply to Arthur Chambers' offer to match Jimmy Mitchell against Harry Gilmore, please state that Gilmore will meet Mitchell in four or six weeks from circular articles, according to London prize rules, with small gloves for \$1,000 a side and the light-weight championship. Both men to be at catch weight on the day named for the battle, or to weigh 125 pounds. The battle to be decided within fifty miles of Detroit, and Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder, and if it will suit Mitchell and his backers, also appoint the referee. If these terms suit Mr. Arthur Chambers and Mitchell they can notify Harry Gilmore, whose backers will forward \$250 and articles of agreement."

The following challenge has been received from the Daily Journal and Weekly Miner, Leadville, Col., for publication: LEADVILLE, COL., Sept. 4, 1886.

To the Sporting Editor:
I issue the following challenge in behalf of Jack O'Davis, of Leadville, to fight John P. Clow, of Denver, for \$1,000 or \$2,000, with skin tight gloves, London rules or "Police Gazette" rules, to a finish. Mr. Richard K. Fox to be stakeholder and to appoint referee, time and place where Davis will be assured of fair play. My man will fight in private or will fight Clow in Pennsylvania, his own State. To prove I mean business I this day forward \$100 to you as a forfeit. This forfeit is also good for any Western fighter to accept.
THOMAS CAMPBELL,
In Behalf of Jack O'Davis, Champion of Colorado.

A desperate glove contest was fought at Rockaway Beach on Sept. 4, between Louis Jester, the light weight champion of Ohio, and Frank Allen of Philadelphia, for a purse of \$100. The men fought according to "Police Gazette" rules, and there was no stipulation as to how many rounds should be fought. The battle was witnessed by fifty persons, the tickets, which were \$2 each, being limited. Small gloves were used. Allen stands 5 feet 5½ inches in height, and weighed 150 pounds; Jester stands 5 feet 6 inches and weighed 142 pounds. Neither was trained, the battle being an impromptu one. Allen was seconded by Billy Smith and Sam McDonald, while Johnny Corning of Rockaway and Jule Hayman seconded Jester. The referee was Billy Foote of Long Island City. The fight was well contested. Allen gained first blood and first knock-down. Nine rounds were fought when Allen deliberately fouled Jester, and the referee declared the latter the winner. The fight lasted 34 minutes.

A prize fight is on the tapis between Jas. Smith, a well-known pugilist of the Ninth Ward, Brooklyn, and John W. Fallon, the pupil of Prof. Mike Donovan. Sept. 2, Arthur Mulien, of Brooklyn, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office with J. W. Fallon, deposited \$50 with Richard K. Fox and left the following challenge:

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 2, 1886.
To the Sporting Editor:
Having heard that James Smith, of the Ninth ward, is to meet me in the prize ring, please state I will fight Smith one week from signing articles, with small gloves according to Queensberry rules to a finish, for \$100 to \$500 a side. To prove I mean business my backer Arthur Mulien has deposited \$100 with Richard K. Fox. If Smith and his backers mean business I will meet them on Monday Sept. 6, at the POLICE GAZETTE office to arrange a match.
JOHN W. FALLON.

In reply to the challenge of John Fallon to meet James Smith, we have received the following:

Sporting Editor POLICE GAZETTE:
DEAR SIR—Having waited almost a year and not getting a reply to my bona fide challenge to fight Fallon, I gave up the idea of ever hearing from him. If Mr. Fallon lives in the world he must not think that I do. He knowing that I weigh over 200 pounds, that it would be impossible for me to get in any kind of shape to fight him on such short notice. P. S.—If Mr. Fallon intends to follow the prize ring for a living, I don't. I work at my trade every day, that of a blacksmith. But if Mr. Fallon likes the game of punch as good as he wants people to think he does, I will fight him with small hard gloves to a finish, London prize ring rules to govern, in four weeks from the date of signing articles, for fun or for a purse, with five men on a side. I remain yours respectfully,
JAMES SMITH, John Fallon's boss.

Herbert A. Slade, the Maori, and Duncan McDonald of Butte City, who was defeated by Pete McCoy, fought at Salt Lake City on August 28, and there was heavy wagers laid that Slade would succeed. The match was for \$500 and the gate money, the winner to receive 75 and the loser 25 per cent. Slade failed to stop or knock out McDonald. The men fought according to "Police Gazette" rules, and Slade undertook to knock McDonald out in eight rounds. A tremendous crowd assembled to witness the affair, and the latter had decidedly the best of the fight, and at one stage it looked as if he was to knock out Slade instead of Slade knocking him out. Slade let go his left in the third round and was countered on the chin by McDonald knocking him down. He lay there till the ten seconds were up, and when he got on his feet he was groggy, and McDonald rushed at him and would have knocked him out only time being called. Slade was afraid of McDonald all through the fight. After the fight was declared in McDonald's favor and the referee said McDonald had the best of it, Slade stepped to the front saying if he could get backing he would fight McDonald to a

finish. McDonald said he would fight him to a finish with hard gloves for \$500 a side, "Police Gazette" rules, in four weeks. McDonald's backer stepped to the front, and said he would put up a forfeit and match Duncan McDonald to fight any one in Utah, Idaho or Montana for \$1,000 a side. The sporting men there will bet that McDonald can whip Slade in a fight to a finish.

Richard K. Fox has received the following information in regard to the match between Paddy Ryan and Frank Glover have been arranged. The following are the articles of agreement:

CHICAGO, Aug. 30, 1886.
We mutually agree to contest six rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, small gloves, at Cheltenham Beach, Monday evening, Sept. 13, under the management of Chas. E. Davies, the contest to take place at the close of the entertainment and the winner to receive 75 and the loser 25 per cent of the gate receipts. The referee to be mutually agreed upon on or before 1 P. M., Sept. 13, 1886.

PADDY RYAN, FRANK GLOVER.
Ryan has a host of admirers in this city who will back him to win. Glover's friends however, are confident that their man will defeat Ryan. Great interest is manifested in the contest here. Ryan is training and weighs 198 pounds, he will be ten or fifteen pounds heavier than Glover.

CHAS. E. DAVIES.
If Jerry Murphy, the champion light weight of the Northwest, had undertaken the contract of standing before the champion feather weight of the world for eight rounds, he might have won the match at the Washington rink, St. Paul, Minn., on Aug. 31. As it was, he not only failed to knock Warren out, but was clearly beaten in the bargain. The contest was witnessed by about 1,000 people, who were treated to one of the most exciting matches that has ever taken place in Minneapolis. After preliminary set-toes between Hopkins of Chicago and George Phalen, the Maxson kids, Hadley and the Black star, the men appeared and were introduced by Cardiff, who officiated as referee. Murphy was seconded by Chris Murphy, his step-brother, and Johnny Collins went behind Warren. The first round was principally taken up with flitting and sparring for openings, both working cautiously. Finally Murphy made a rush, which Warren cleverly avoided, Murphy going over his head. Warren countered cleverly, catching Murphy on the nose. This was a fair sample of what was to come. Murphy made a rush after rush, but Warren always got safely away, dodging and ducking with phenomenal quickness. In the third round Warren brought the claret from Murphy's nose, and from that time on the only question was as to whether he would not knock Jerry out. In the fifth round Murphy got in a blow just as they were being separated by the referee. Cries of "foul" went up from the audience, but the claim was not allowed. In the sixth Murphy got in a couple of savage upper cuts, which Warren received smilingly. The seventh was the liveliest and the most evenly contested round. The eighth and last round was uneventful. The referee gave the match to Warren amid loud applause. The feather weight certainly did some wonderful work. His activity at dodging was astonishing. He stood up to his work manfully and got in blow after blow upon Murphy, who failed to return a single effective blow. He tried hard enough, to be sure, and made some terrific lunges, but failed to get home. Murphy's nose was badly swollen and his face somewhat out. Warren came out of the contest without a mark. Four-ounce gloves were used. Murphy claims to weigh 130 pounds, but he certainly appeared to be 25 pounds heavier than Warren, whose weight is given at 116 pounds. The match was for the entire gate receipts.

A desperate fistie encounter was decided at Balti- more, on Aug. 30, between Billy Young, of Baltimore, a light-weight sparrer, and Johnny Murphy, of Boston, the champion feather-weight of New England. The club men agreed to make up a purse large enough to satisfy the contestants. The mill was set for the afternoon at 5 o'clock. At 3 o'clock about half a dozen spectators were on hand, and an hour later the little Boston slugger showed up. He looked the picture of health, and under the tutelage of Jake Kilrain had gotten himself in splendid condition. For the next hour the audience increased until it numbered nearly fifty, but Young could not be found, and it looked as if there would be no fight. Just as Kilrain was on the point of sending to Young's house Young boy in light and was met with many a hearty grasp of the hand. Five minutes were consumed in dressing the men, then they entered the ring looking fresh as daisies. Objections were made by Kilrain, who seconded Murphy, to the width of the belt worn by Young. He claimed that the belt being fully 6 inches wide acted as a pad, and was unfair to his man. The objection was sustained, and Young was compelled to remove the belt and substitute a smaller one. Then it was decided that the mill should be 3-minute rounds with 3-minute rests and with 3-ounce gloves, the winner to take three-fourths of the purse and the loser one-fourth. A well-known banker was chosen referee, and a young gentleman was chosen as timekeeper. The fight which followed was one of the most scientific, as well as one of the most decisive, that has taken place in Maryland for years. The betting was in favor of Young, who tipped the scales at 137 pounds, while Murphy only weighed 112 pounds, but a gamier little fellow it would be hard to find. Young felt sure of winning, though he said nothing. Murphy, on the other hand, was hopeful, and said he would try hard to win. After the first round, which was won by Young, the friends of the Boston lad became a little anxious, but it was only for a while, for they soon saw him get in some excellent work, and win, after a hard fought battle, in beautiful style.

Round 1—Both men came to the scratch smiling, and after shaking hands drew back and prepared for action. Young immediately let off with a terrific lunge, which landed squarely at Murphy's throat. The Baltimore boy, watching his opportunity, led at Murphy and succeeded in getting in several beautiful, and finally knocked him against the ropes on both sides of the ring. Time was called, and the round ended with the advantage decidedly in favor of Young.

Round 2—The contestants clinched to begin with, but after separating did some clever work. The first good blow was struck by Murphy, who forced the fighting throughout the round and kept Young at his mercy. When time was called for the end of this round, Murphy kept on hitting Young, who, having heard the call, very properly refused to defend himself. When called to account by the referee, Murphy contended that he did not hear the call, and was therefore innocent of a foul. The referee was not disposed to side with the Boston lad until the timekeeper admitted that he did not believe he had called out loud enough, and promised to be more careful in the future. This ended the controversy, and the round ended with the honors evenly divided.

Round 3—Young let go his left and planted a terrible blow on Murphy's neck, which knocked him against the ropes and made him see stars. Then it was Murphy's turn, and he got in a beauty on Young's jaw and followed it with several other hard blows, the last one of which was a terrific one, and caught the Baltimore boy squarely in the mouth. The opinion was unanimous that Murphy had the best of the round.

Round 4—Notwithstanding his punishment, Young came to the front in good temper and apparently fresh. His bleeding nose and swollen eye worried him, but he showed determination and did fairly well. Before he had a chance Murphy planted one on his eye, which he answered with a left-hander on the Boston boy's right cheek. A succession of body hits followed, about evenly divided, after which Young let go his left and nearly knocked the little fellow off his feet. He instantly recovered himself, however, and set to work raising blows all over the Baltimore boy's head, which by this time was almost covered with blood and prevented the man from doing himself justice. With all the gameness of a professional pugilist, Young, although partially blinded, advanced toward his opponent, and was about to make a lunge at him, when time was called and the round given to Murphy.

Round 5—Proper nourishment and sponging had the effect of brightening Young up, and he entered the ring in the best possible humor. Young broke into the Boston lad, and dealt him a blow or two when they both clinched and were ordered to break away. After Young dropped his hands Murphy struck him one in the face, with the remark, "Well, we are even now; you hit me before that way." Young took it good naturedly, as the blow was not severe at all, and went to his corner smeared with blood from his sweat up. The round was decided a draw.

Round 6—Before time was called for the windup it was nearly dark, and some one suggested that the gas be lighted. To this there were several objections, and it was agreed that the fight should finish without gas. The game little Boston lad was the first to spring to his feet, followed by Young, who led off the round with a left on the kid's neck. After this Murphy forced the fighting and did pretty much as he pleased with his opponent, ending the round and winning the fight in great style.

SPORTING NEWS.

TO PATRONS AND PROMOTERS OF MANLY SPORT.

The editorial parlors of this newspaper are always at the disposition of all classes of bona fide sporting men, whether they call out of curiosity, to obtain information or arrange matches. No such offices are to be seen anywhere else in the world. Among their remarkable attractions are championship emblems and badges, magnificent trophies and pictures and other objects of exceptional interest. Not the least notable of these is the celebrated portrait, by the well-known artist, Drohan, of John L. Sullivan, which is a full-length picture representing the champion in full ring costume. It stands six feet in height, and is conceded to be the most striking portrait of a pugilist in existence. Sporting men, in addition to these features, are assured of a cordial and hospitable greeting.

Beach must be afraid to row Hanlan, when he refused to remain in England to row the latter.

Hamilton, the champion jumper, states he will arrange a match to jump any man in the world one single jump for \$500 or \$1,000 a side.

John Pierson of Wilmington, Del., and Dennis F. Butler of Philadelphia are matched to swim five miles on the Delaware river, Sept. 13, for \$100 a side.

Lieut. Henn of the Galatea wants to race any Amer- ican single-masted yacht to Bermuda and back, and suggests a prize cup of not over \$100 in value as the incentive.

The proposed battle between Jack Fogarty and Joe Ellingsworth is not off. Each has on deposit \$250 as an earnest of the \$1,000 a side for which they will contend late in the fall.

Con Reardon and Buffalo Costello are to fight with gloves at San Francisco on Sept. 21 for \$500 a side. Costello is the boxer who fought Tom Cleary and defeated him in such short order.

E. W. Johnson, the famous Canadian athlete, is now professor of the Brooklyn Athletic Association, and he is to be tendered a benefit in Brooklyn, which promises to be a grand affair in the athletic line.

Jack Hallenan, of San Francisco, writes that if Bu- faldo Costello defeats Con Reardon on Sept. 21 he will match him to fight Jack Dempsey for the "Police Gazette" middle-weight belt and \$2,500 a side.

George Caton, of Frankfort, the well-known one mile runner, and John Quinn, his trainer, called at this office on Sept. 3, and received the stakes Caton won in his race with Delaney at Mahanoy City recently.

Yachtmen who have seen the lines of the Galatea, now that she is docked, consider her a far more likely boat than the Genesta, and it seems that the best of the American sloops may have a job to down her after all.

Covington has returned to Brighton Beach after a very successful tour with the Lone Star stables through the West. Covington is a first-class jockey, and his mounts are always worth backing, that is, if he is not on a crab.

The prospects of a six-day race to be held in Madison Square Garden this fall are favorable. David O'Leary intends to arrange a match, and has written to Richard K. Fox to know if he will put up the "Police Gazette" diamond belt.

Gus Sundstrom, the champion swimmer, on Sept. 1 attempted to swim 17 miles in 3 hours and 30 minutes. The course was from Governor's Island to Oak Point. Sundstrom won by 37 minutes, covering the distance in 2 hours 53 minutes.

Lucky Baldwin's racing stable is not doing very well on the Coney Island or the Brooklyn Jockey Club tracks. Probably the odds against Santa Anita Belle, Grisette, Solid Silver, Silver Cloud, Lijero and Lucky B. are not long enough, or else the stable is off.

On Long Island Sound, on Sept. 4, the three-mile swimming match for the championship of the world and \$500 was decided between Gus Sundstrom, of New York, and John Robinson, of England. Sundstrom won by ten yards, in 36 minutes 20 seconds.

Gus Sundstrom's victories over Robinson, the English swimmer, and the feats he has accomplished against time, prove that he is well worthy to be styled champion; but before he can assume that title he has Pierson of Delaware, Johnson of England and Denny Butler to conquer.

A letter has been received in this city from Jack Dempsey, in which he states Jack Burke's challenge is only a bluff; but if Burke means business all his backers has to do is to post a forfeit with Richard K. Fox and he will cover it and arrange a match for \$5,000 and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which he holds against all comers.

The referee in the disputed mounted broad sword con- test at Boston, between Duncan C. Ross and Sergeant Walsh, has decided in favor of Walsh. The contest was stopped by the police before the agreement was carried out, and both sides claimed a victory. The referee, after taking a week to decide the question, awarded Walsh the purse and medal.

William Beach, the Australian sculler, now in Eng- land, on Sept. 7 called that he would only row Edward Hanlan on the Parramatta river, in Australia. This message was in answer to a challenge from Hanlan to row Beach on the Tyne, in England. Before Hanlan put up a forfeit the shout of Beach's friends was that the ex-champion could not be induced to back his talk with money for a race. The moment the forfeit is posted and Hanlan announces his intention of going to England, where Beach is now in training, and rowing him there in October, the time is changed. If Hanlan wants a race with Beach he will have to go to Australia. Between the 18th of September, when Beach rows Gaudaur, and the 13th of October, when he (Beach) says he intends to sail for home, he has plenty of time to row Hanlan. Does it not look as if he were afraid of the ex-champion?

At Visalia, Cal., recently, a hard glove contest was decided between P. J. Hatch of Visalia, and W. E. Price, of San Francisco, boxers, for \$100 a side and the colored championship of the Pacific Coast. The battle was a hard and desperate one, lasting 1 hour and 20 minutes, when Hatch won. Hatch was born in Aberdeen, Miss. In 1864, aged twenty two years, weighed 152 pounds in condition, and is open to all comers of the colored pugilists. Hatch has fought 15 battles in the magic ring, and has won 14 out of 15, losing his first and only battle on a foul. Hatch has beat the following pugilists: Beat Tom Johnson, March 4, 1884, 2 rounds; beat Henry Smith, March 15, in 1 round; beat Dan Smith, June 9, 1885 in 2 rounds; beat Dave Tutt, May 7, 1885, in 1 minute; beat Pete Brown in 4 rounds; beat Billy Lynn, Aug. 5, 1885, in 6 minutes; beat Harry Calvers, Oct. 10, 1885.

The Staten Island Athletic Club held their games on their club grounds on Sept. 4. The following are the events and the winners: One hundred yard race, F. H. Babcock, B. A. A., in 10 4-5 seconds. A. C. Grabo second. The 800-yard run was won by A. F. Copeland, O. A. C. in 2 minutes 23-5 seconds. The 1-mile walk was won by W. E. Smith, Jr., W. C. A. C. in 7 minutes 42 3-5 seconds. The 220-yard hurdle race was captured by J. S. Morton, N. A. C., in 27 seconds. The 440-yard race, handicap, was won by S. E. Corbett, N. A. C., time, 52 4-5 seconds; second, A. Pevelevy, B. A. A., time, 53 3-5 seconds. The mile race, handicap, was won by E. Reagan, W. S. C. time, 4 minutes 32 seconds second P. D. Skillman, S. I. A. C. Reagan fainted immediately after passing the string, but soon recovered. The 220-yard run, handicap, was won by I. Corse, S. I. A. C., time, 2 minutes 41-5 seconds; second, H. S. Young, J. S. I. A. C.

The Orange (N. J.) Athletic Club games were held at Rosville, N. J., Sept. 4. About 2,000 persons were present. The following are the events and the winners:

The three mile championship race of New Jersey was won by J. B. Pearson. Time, 9 minutes 7 1-5 seconds.
One mile novice—E. A. Smith won. Time, 3 minutes 9 seconds.
One mile club championship race was won by C. A. Steuken. Time, 3 minutes 12 3-5 seconds.
One third mile dash was won by A. B. Rich, in 2 minutes 56 3-5 seconds.

Two mile tandem tricycle—C. M. Gideon and A. P. Powell, Germantown Cycle Club, won. Time, 6 minutes 35 4-5 seconds.
Five mile scratch—A. B. Rich won.

The one mile Orange Wanderers Club race was won by H. H. Wells in 3 minutes 34 3-5 seconds.
One mile dash by N. B. Rich in 3 minutes 10 seconds.
Three mile race by A. B. Rich in 9 minutes 18 1-5 seconds.

The Grand Circuit Trotting meeting closed at Hart- ford, Conn., on Sept. 4. The feature of the trotting was the race for the 2:17 purse of \$1,500. It had but two starters, O. A. Hiko's bay gelding Arab, from California, and W. J. Gordon's bay mare Mambrino Sparkle, from Cleveland, O. It was a great race and second only to the \$10,000 race on Thursday. Arab won the first, second and fifth heats in 2:20 3-4, 2:17 3-4, and 2:20 3-4. Mambrino Sparkle won the third and fourth heats in 2:18 3-4 and 2:20 3-4. For the 2:21 class the starters were F. Van Ness' bay gelding Judge Lindsay, G. D. Slason's bay gelding Charles Hilton and W. J. Gordon's brown gelding Nobby. Hilton won the first, fourth and fifth heats in 2:22 3-4, 2:17 3-4 and 2:17 3-4. Nobby won the second and third heats in 2:18 3-4 and 2:17 3-4. Knap, McCarthy, driver of Judge Lindsay, was fined \$50 for foul driving in the 8th heat and his horse distanced. The 2:25 purse was won in straight heats by James Golding's chestnut horse Viking, ed. ading Lady Barefoot, William Kearney, Lizzie Wilkes, Sylvia M. and Electric. Time, 2:20 3-4, 2:21 and 2:22 3-4. Between the heats of the "twenty-one" race Mr. W. R. Rockefeller's mare Femme Sole was driven a mile in 2:20 3-4.

The following is a summary of the winners in the Calcuttulan Club games, held Sept. 2, in New York City: Throwing heavy hammer, S. D. McLain, 96 feet 1 inch, won; standing broad jump, E. W. Johnson, 9 feet 9 1-4 inches, won; tangle caber, E. W. Johnson, 38 feet 11 3-4 inches, won; putting shot, W. Robertson, 42 feet 6 inches, got first prize; Standing high jump, E. W. Johnson, won at 4 feet 10 1-4 inches; 100 yard run, W. Irvine, by two yards, time 10 3-4 seconds; hop, step and jump, T. Aitken, 39 feet 11 inches, first; 1-mile run, T. Regan, W. S. A. C. scratch, won, time 4 minutes 42 3-5 seconds; runner broad jump, T. Aitken, 19 feet 3 1-4 inches, was the winner; 1-mile run, professional, P. Heggie, man, by a yard, time 4 minutes 29 3-5 seconds; 3-mile walk, professional, E. F. McDonald first, time 23 minutes 57 seconds; 2-mile walk, E. Lange, M. A. C. won easily, time 14 minutes 32 3-5 seconds; 5-mile run, professional, J. Grant, won easily, time 26 minutes 52 2-5 seconds; running high jump, E. W. Johnson, won at 5 feet 5 inches; 220 yard hurdle race, T. Aitken, first by six yards, time 34 3-4 seconds; pole vault, T. Aitken and A. Scott tied, at 9 feet 3 inches, and divided the money; obstacle race, W. Irvine won by four yards.

The proposed mill between Tommy Warren, of Louis- ville, Ky., the feather weight champion, and Tommy Danforth, of New York, who also claims to be the light-weight champion, still hangs fire. It is no fault of either Danforth or his backer that the match had not been effected ere this; but it is owing to the refusal of Warren to come East after he agreed to do so. Billy Oliver, Danforth's backer, called at this office on Sept. 6, and stated that Warren had refused to meet Danforth, claiming engagements in the West would not permit him to journey East. The fact of the matter is Warren does not want to meet Danforth, and that is his Western engagements are so pressing. Oliver says Danforth will fight Warren for love, fun or money, any rule, for either stakes or gate money, and that Danforth will go West to meet Warren on the same conditions as Danforth offered Warren to come East. After this fair proposition if Warren is the champion, he will at once stop all arguments and name the time and place to meet the New Yorker in the rope arena. If he fails to do so sporting men will consider that he is afraid to meet Danforth. The latter can be found within five hours' notice by a letter or direct dispatch, sent to the POLICE GAZETTE office. So Warren need not waste any time if he means business.

M. V. Stone will be Captain and sailing master of the Mayflower in her races with the Galatea. Captain Joe Elsworth will be on board, and will give to Captain Stone the benefit of his experience and intimate knowledge of all the tides, currents and winds in New York harbor, but will not be in command of the sloop. General Palmer, the owner, will also be on board, and, probably, Captain Aubrey Crocker of the Puritan. The Galatea will be sailed by Lieutenant Henn, her owner, but Pilot Jones, who was on the Genesta in last year's races, will be on the Galatea, and will give to Lieutenant Henn such advice as is suggested by his knowledge of the course. The following are the official measurements of the Mayflower and Galatea:

	Mayflower.	Galatea.
Length over all.....	100 ft.	102 7
Length on water line.....	83 ft.	87 ft.
Extreme beam.....	23 6	15 ft.
Depth of hold.....	6 10	13 3
Draft.....	9 6	13 6
Deck to hounds.....	63 ft.	53 ft.
Topmast.....	46 ft.	45 ft.
Boomsprit, outboard.....	38 ft.	36 6
Boom.....	80 ft.	73 ft.
Gaff.....	50 ft.	44 6
Tons of inside ballast.....	11 tons	8 1/2
Tons of outside ballast.....	37 tons	8 1/2 tons

The long-pending single-soull race between Edward Hanlan, of Toronto, and Chas. E. Courtney, of Union Springs, for a purse of \$3,000 was rowed on Jamaica Bay, Rockaway, on Sept. 1. The race was 3 miles with a turn, the starting was below T. J. Brossan & Bros. famous Seaside House, and the finish was 1 1/4 miles due west. A tremendous crowd was present. The Sirius, Grand Republic, Columbia and railroad, brought nearly 10,000 spectators to the scene. Hanlan was visited by Richard K. Fox prior to the race, and the famous oarsman said he was certain that he could win, and he was going to do so. At the time appointed for the race, Hanlan's new shell, built by M. F. Davis, of Portland, was launched. It was 31 feet long, 11 1/4 inches wide and 6 1/2 inches deep, and weighed 29 1/2 pounds. Hanlan looked in prime condition as he paddled up to the start. A few minutes later Courtney's ship was carried to the water and launched. He rowed in a paper shell 32 feet long, 11 inches wide and 5 1/2 inches deep. His colors were white and blue. He did not look well and rowed in a lazy sort of a style that confirmed his claim that for the last three days he had been sick. At 5:30 o'clock the men took their positions at the start, which was off the Beach avenue dock. Hanlan had taken the outside course. The referee's boat had to go over the course to clear if of rowboats and sailboats. Referee Oakley gave the word to go at 5:30. The men both got off together and started up the course, both rowing 36 strokes to the minute. There appeared to be more reach in Hanlan's stroke, and before the first hundred yards were passed his boat had begun to draw ahead. Courtney was rowing prettily but seemed to lack strength. They had come about a quarter of a mile when a sail boat got directly in the course. In order to avoid her Hanlan had to go considerably out of his course, but when he straightened out again he was still half a length ahead. When off the big hotel dock he had increased his lead so that there was a full length of clear water between the boats. He seemed to black up a little here, but Courtney seemed to lack his usual vigor and barely kept his position. Hanlan was rowing a long, easy stroke of 32 to the minute and Courtney was making one stroke more. At the stake boat Hanlan seemed to be puzzled and made a clumsy turn. Courtney came on three seconds later and made a short, quick turn. On the home trip Hanlan let himself out and walked away from his opponent, leading him full three lengths at the big hotel dock. Courtney was evidently laboring and could put but little force into his strokes. About a quarter of a mile from the finish Hanlan stopped rowing for a moment and took off his hat in answer to the cheers that greeted him. He repeated the acknowledgment about fifty yards further on. Then he spurred on to the finish at thirty-six strokes to the minute and regained the space lost. He crossed the line at least eight lengths ahead. Courtney did not make a single spurt during the race. After the race Hanlan paddled up to the referee's boat, and when congratulated on his victory said: "W. H. you know I've got a very fast boat." The two men dressed and went into the hotel, where an informal reception was held. Courtney said: "I've got no excuse to make. I rowed my best and was fairly beaten. It is true that I was sick and did not go as fast as I would have if I had been fit, but then Hanlan did not do his best either, and I don't know that the result would have been different if I had been well." While the reception was being held Inkeeper Davis announced the official time as 19 minutes 22 3-5 seconds. This beats the best time on record by 1 second, and the best time in a race by 22 seconds. After the race Hanlan held quite a reception in the parlor of the Seaside House, and champagne flowed freely. Richard K. Fox announced to Hanlan any time he was ready to arrange a race with Wm. Beach that he would find any amount of stakes for him. The race demonstrated that Courtney cannot defeat Hanlan, and those who have for the past six years believed he could now come to the conclusion that the Union Spring oarsman was outclassed. J. M. Oakley was the referee, but there was no occasion for any dispute, for the race, after a quarter of a mile had been rowed, was only a procession, and Courtney was out of it as far as winning was concerned. Hanlan is rowing as fast as ever, and it is doubtful if he retains his speed and form if there is any oarsman can defeat him. The boat Hanlan rowed in did not anchor or kick, while Courtney's would stop at every stroke. Why it would take a column to describe, and we may do so some future day. No oarsman ever owned a boat with such practical improvements and one that would continually travel like the shell Hanlan rowed in, and M. F. Davis can flatter himself with the new inventions he has added to the racing shell.

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

The collapse of Wallace Ross in his race with Matterson on the Thames, England, on Aug. 30, is the subject of all sorts of comment unfavorable to the Canadian oarsman. Ugly rumors are flying about the river side, suggesting crookedness on his part, but there is little reason to doubt that his defeat was due to the excessive heat and the bad condition of his hands, which are frightfully blistered.

I think Hanlan now has settled the long mooted question about Courtney being able to defeat him if he wanted to do so.

Judging by the form Hanlan and Courtney displayed at Rockaway Beach September 1, Courtney is not in the same class with Hanlan.

I never conceded he was within a quarter of a mile as fast as Hanlan, and as Hanlan has beaten him at Lachine, Washington and Rockaway, doubtful Thomases should be well cured of their belief in Courtney's ability to conquer the Canadian.

If Beach was a genuine champion and had the necessary courage to continue champion, he would accept the \$500 offered him for expenses to come to America to meet Hanlan in a race for \$5,000.

Hanlan went to Australia to give him the championship, and now the Australian is afraid to return the compliment. Why?

Beach, the oarsman, refuses to come to America even on a visit, let alone to row Hanlan.

He is an especial favorite and attracts much attention. His present quarters are the White Hart Inn at Barnes.

He is wonderfully improved in appearance since his arrival in England, and apparently in magnificent condition. He has reduced his weight 40 pounds. He said:

"The English climate suits me perfectly. I never felt better in my life, therefore there will be no excuse if I am beaten in the coming races. Hanlan has said in America that I beat him because the Australian climate enervated him, but he also said in Australia that I beat him because I was a better man. I think there is a good deal of luck in winning sweepstakes."

"I feel confident that I can beat Gaudaur. I have seen his practice and have taken a good measure of his abilities. I have likewise seen Ross row, and have observed him well, but I believe that Teemer is the best of the lot. He is certainly the fastest."

When asked as to his capacity for endurance, Beach replied: "I think I can stay the course." Reverting to Hanlan again, he said: "I would like to meet Hanlan if only to show him that I can beat him anywhere. I have traveled 14,000 miles and waited six months in England to give Hanlan, and every other sculler for that matter, a chance to win the championship. Whether I win or lose in the present contest I will return to Australia about Oct. 10. Therefore it will be impossible for me to meet Hanlan, and I will not go to the United States."

The fistic fraternity were sadly disappointed because Herald and Sullivan did not have the opportunity to decide whether Sullivan could stop Herald or whether the latter could upper cut the champion into an insensible state.

If Sullivan is eager to meet Herald and the latter anxious to meet Sullivan, I am certain the contest can be decided at Minneapolis.

All eyes are now turned toward England to the American oarsmen who are to figure in races on the Thames.

James Keenan, of Boston, and John A. St. John, of St. Louis, two well-known backers of oarsmen, are in England ready, with a hat full of money, to back the winners.

If Hanlan was only one of the team what a Waterloo it would be for Beach and the backers of the Australian for the form that Hanlan is displaying denotes that he can row as fast as he could when he won the championship of the world, and that he is in better form than when he lost it in Australia.

Chicago sporting circles are agitated over a mill between Paddy Ryan and Frank Glover.

The latter has figured in many a hard fistic encounter, and if Ryan's manager has not mapped out a programme for him, or if he does not do better than when he faced Sullivan on Feb. 7, 1882, at Mississippi City, Glover will make the pace hot for Ryan.

I do not know which end of the log Charles E. Davies is handling, but if he is behind Ryan the latter will either win or the battle will be a draw.

No matter how the cat will jump, the contest, which is to be decided at Cheltenham Beach, will be worth looking at, for Ryan is no slouch if he means business.

By the way, I cannot understand how it is that Sullivan and Ryan were not allowed to face one another in Chicago, and yet Ryan is to be allowed to face Glover.

If the Ryan and Glover contest ends satisfactorily, it will give boxing another boom in the West, and I should not be surprised to see Frank Herald journeying to where the sun sets to meet either Ryan or Glover.

Herald is red hot to meet Paddy Ryan, and E. F. Mallahan is at fever heat to see Herald tried with the best man the world can produce.

It does not matter who Herald meets, he will keep them galloping until they reach the wire, or quit in the stretch, unless a chance right-hand cross counter should put him to sleep.

I should like to know why the authorities delight in stopping boxing matches in New Jersey. There are other lawless acts far worse than boxing permitted and the authorities only wink at them.

Record breaking continues, and the sporting chronology of 1886 will be made historical by the wonderful performances on water and land that have been accomplished by pedestrians, ariel jumpers, swimmers, bicycle riders, and the equines of the turf. H. M. Johnson, has beaten the 100 yard running record. George Smith, of Pittsburgh, has lowered the 150 yard running record.

Kendall, the ex-policeman, has proved that a man can swim through the Whirlpool Rapids, which Captain Matthew Webb lost his life trying to navigate.

Steve Brodie proved that a boy could drop from the Brooklyn Bridge, while Lawrence M. Donovan, the Police Gazette ariel jumper of the world eclipsed all other ariel jumpers by jumping from the Brooklyn Bridge at a height of 140 feet.

Donovan's performance startled the world as he jumped the highest distance ever made.

On the water the Mayflower proved herself to be the fastest yacht afloat, while Hanlan has beat the three-mile rowing record and proved that he is yet one of the aquatic wonders of the world.

The kings of the running and trotting turf have also lowered the records of 1885, and "The Sporting Man's Companion," issued in January, will contain a new budget of all these wonderful performances.

Many more records will probably be broken before the snow flies by the athletes and trotters, and it will not surprise me if Wm. Graham, the champion wing shot of England, makes a record at pigeon shooting which will be a high mark for the many would-be champions to imitate.

By the way, every now and again Capt. A. H. Bogardus issues a call to shoot any man in the world, but he fails to put up a deposit to show he is in earnest, and the challenge amounts to nothing.

Bogardus will please understand that any time he is in earnest to arrange a genuine pigeon match to shoot at 100 birds, Hurlingham range, for \$250 to \$1,000 a side, that Graham will rally a match at twenty-four hours notice.

Any other shooter can be accommodated on the same terms without any palaver.

I understand Graham is shortly to attempt to kill 98 out of 100 birds.

If he starts to accomplish the feat I think that he will succeed.

Bogardus killed 100 birds straight at Chicago during the past decade, but they were tame doves, and Miss Annie Oakley, in these days of progression and skill, accomplished just the same feat, for the birds Bogardus shot at were not as difficult to shoot as glass balls.

Chas. E. Courtney appears to propel his shell through the water just as fast as ever.

It would please many if Courtney could win the championship, but it is not likely that he will ever secure that title.

Courtney is advancing in years, and it is surprising how fast he can row. There was a time when Courtney could have been champion, but his aquatic sun has set now in that respect.

August Belmont has imported a new English jockey who rejoices in the name of Luke. He rides well, but he will stand very little show in any race. McLaughlin, Murphy, Fitzpatrick or Duffy has a mount in, they outclass him at starting and by brilliant finishes.

Wood, whose Christian name is Charley, will be the leader in winning jockey mounts in England this season. Archer will have to be satisfied with second place.

Archer has held the pride of place for many years, and his success made him have what sporting men nowadays term "big head."

The latter disease frequently prevails among all classes of athletes, and it is a co-mixture of vain conceit and pride.

It is a species of disease that does not require a physician, for there is no cure until it leaves its victim.

Charley Mitchell once had a heavy attack and he suffered terribly from it.

One would have supposed Frank Herald would have been afflicted with the malady after he defeated Jim Cannon and Mike Conley and gained such renown in the fistic arena, but such was not the case.

Many supposed Lawrence Donovan, after he jumped from the Brooklyn Bridge, would have had a dose of big head, but he had no such attack.

Genuine champion athletes never become afflicted with the new malady, no matter how they are praised or lauded for their performances.

I understand that Kendall is slightly afflicted, but some allowance must be made for his affliction, for he has accomplished a feat which proved fatal to the greatest swimmer the world ever knew.

Budd Doble, whose name was made famous as being the trainer of Goldsmith Maid, has the handsome fast-trotting stallion Bonnie McGregor on his string this season, and is now upon the grand circuit with him.

McGregor is meeting with fairly good success, as he manages to get some part of the purse in almost every race in which he starts.

I think he will, bar accident, class as one of the trotting kings.

It is said that seventeen trotters and four pacers have trotted or paced a mile on the Rochester, N. Y., track in 2:20 or better.

A list of the trotters that have accomplished this feat are Maud S., whose fastest mile was made in 2:10; Lucille Gold dust, 2:16; Gold dust, 2:16; Gloster, 2:17, sired by Volunteer; Kate Sprague, 2:18, sired by Governor Sprague; Lady Maud, 2:18; sired by General Knox; Bonsetter, 2:19, sired by the Brooks horse; Cozette, 2:19, sired by Black Bashaw; Frances Alexander, by Ben Pat-hen; Keillworth, 2:19; sired by Woodford's Abdullah; Moose, 2:19; sired by the Washburn horse, son of St. Lawrence; De Barry, 2:19; sired by NII Desperandum, son of Belmont; Tony Newhall, 2:19; sired by Clark Chief, Jr., son of Clark Chief; Von Armin, 2:19; sired by Sentinel, son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian; John S. Clark, 2:19; sired by Thomas Jefferson, son of Toronto Chief; Etta Jones, 2:20, sired by Pariah's Pilot; George V., 2:20, sired by Masterlode, son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, and Mambrino Gift, 2:20, sired by Mambrino Pilot.

The pacers that have accomplished the feat are Glen, sired by Tom Rolfe, who was sent around the track in 2:13; Rowdy Boy, 2:13; sired by Legal Tender, son of Moody's Davy Crockett; Gossip, Jr., 2:14, sired by Gossip, son of Teller, and George G., 2:17, sired by Dutchman.

An exciting double-scur race came off on Aug. 31 on Lake Quannapowitt, Wadsworth, Mass., for a purse of \$100, the competitors being John H. Beebe and Will H. Wiley, and D. J. O'Donovan and Owen Corcoran. The race was over a 2-mile course and was hotly contested throughout.

The race was called at 6 o'clock and the boats were promptly set off, Beebe and Wiley making a splendid start, and gained a good length, which they pluckily held to the finish, winning the race in 15 minutes 30 seconds, and beating their opponents by about three boat lengths. Quite a sum of money has changed hands on the race, bets being freely offered at large odds in favor of the winners.

I now learn that Pat Killen, the well-known heavy-weight, failed to knock out Jack McDonald, a local heavy-weight, at Duluth. Some 700 people were present.

McDonald forced the fighting the first and second rounds and put in some heavy hits on his antagonist. Killen saved his strength for the last rounds, but he could not knock out his man. The weight of McDonald is 176 pounds, and of Killen 193. Both men were in prime condition.

Killen, like Jack Burke, is improving backwards.

LATEST SPORTING.

It is Ben Sabins and not George Sabins who owns the dog Turk, of Buffalo.

Patrick J. Fitzgerald, the six-day go-as-you-please champion of the world, writes that he has retired from pedestrianism and will not contend in any six-day race until some new aspirant for pedestrian fame beats his record, 610 miles 230 yards. Fitzgerald now keeps a first-class training grounds in Ravenswood, L. I.

At Lexington, Ky., recently, the first race was for two-year-olds, between four contestants, one of which was from California and owned by Senator Leland Stanford. She is a neat brown filly named Suisun, and she beat Ben Hur, the pride of the Kentuckians, handsily in the second and third heats, being laid up by a bad break in the first.

The great trotting meeting commenced at Hartford on Sept. 1. The 2:19 class, purse \$1,500, was won by Bonita in straight heats, Felix second and Charles Hogan third; time, 2:22; 2:18; 2:20. The free-for-all-pacers, purse \$1,000, was won by Gossip, Jr., who took the second and two last heats. Jewett won the first and third heats and Westmont was last in all the heats; time, 2:15; 2:16; 2:18, 2:17, 2:19. The 2:30 class, purse \$1,000, was won by Frank R. in straight heats, Beaconsfield second and Anniversary third; time, 2:23; 2:27, 2:28.

At Pittsburg trotting meeting, on Sept. 1, the 2:29 class was won by Tempest in straight heats; time, 2:31, 2:31; 2:30. The 2:38 class was won by Lynn W. in straight heats; time, 2:41; 2:38, 2:35. The three-quarter mile heats was won by Elizer in straight heats, Transit Man second; time, 1:19; 1:19. On Sept. 2, in the 2:30 class, Little Ida won the second, third and fourth heats in 2:30, 2:29; and 2:27. Puritan won the first heat in 2:30. For the free-for-all the starters were Dick Wright, Centella and Harry Roberts. They were placed as named, Dick Wright winning in straight heats in 2:26, 2:28 and 2:25.

The following explains itself:

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Aug. 31, 1886.

To the Sporting Editor: DEAR SIR—Inclosed, please find \$5 which W. W. Osmun, of Fond du Lac, desires to post with your paper for thirty days, upon the following conditions: "I hereby challenge any man in the world to skate one mile on one leg, for \$100 or \$200 a side, or I will skate any man 1 mile on 1 leg, while he skates a mile and a half on two legs for the same amount. Young Osmun has beaten all skaters in the northwest, and is anxious to meet some of the roller-skaters from eastern cities. He is anxious that you should publish a cut of him, and I send a photograph which was recently taken, on the back of which you will find a short sketch of his life. His record on one leg is: 1 mile—4 minutes, 36; seconds; 2 miles—9 minutes, 42; seconds; 3 miles—15 minutes, 7 seconds. Osmun is a very clever young fellow, and wants a chance to make a showing. I think you will agree with me that his proposition has the merit of being a novelty. If you see fit to comply with request, I will take pleasure in reciprocating the favor. If an opportunity presents itself. Respectfully, S. P. HALL, Sporting Editor Globe.

The international sculling sweepstakes was rowed on the Thames, England, on Aug. 30, 31 and Sept. 1. The prizes were:—First, \$1,200; second, \$800; third, and fourth, \$112, 10s. each, and \$50 each to those beaten in the first round.

First Heat—The first heat was between Nell Matterson, the young Australian, and Wallace Ross, of America, and the course was from West London railway bridge to Hammersmith bridge. At 2:15 the oarsmen were started, and the Australian got the best of it; but a minute later Ross had straightened out and pulled up even with Matterson. The American soon after took the lead. He was pulling a long, powerful stroke of 34 to the minute, while Matterson was rather ragged at a 35 pace. Off Hurlingham grounds, however, when everybody supposed Ross was a sure winner, he suddenly collapsed. Matterson at once regained confidence and quickly passed Ross and led to the end, winning by six lengths, in 18 minutes 42 seconds. Ross claims that he was overcome by the heat, which at this time was intense, and also that his right wrist gave out. The general opinion is that he was pretty well pumped out when he stopped. He was the favorite, 11 to 10, in the betting at the start, and considerable money was won and lost on the result.

Second Heat—The second heat was between George J. Perkins, ex-champion of England, and John Teemer, of McKeesport, Pa., ex-champion of America. The course was from Biffen's, at Hammersmith, to Strandon, at the Green bridge. At the start the betting was 5 to 1 against Perkins, who took the Surrey side, and also the lead, at 45 strokes to the minute. Teemer at first made a bad appearance, handling his oars in a bungling manner at 40 to the minute. The oarsmen had not gone over a quarter mile, however, before the American had placed his scull ahead, and thereafter led to the finish. Perkins made a plucky race, as the time shows, and was defeated more than he deserved by a rowboat getting directly in his way when only a short distance from the finish line. Teemer won by four lengths in 18 minutes 15 seconds.

Third Heat—The third heat was between William Beach, of Australia, champion of the world, and George W. Lee, of the United States. The course was from Kew to Hammersmith. While everybody expected Lee's defeat, this was the first appearance of Beach on the Thames in a race, and the spectators, among whom were Jacob Gaudaur, the American champion and his trainer, Albert Hamm of St. Louis, were anxious to see an exhibition of the Australian's stroke and endurance. The course was the same as the second heat except that, as the tide had turned, it was rowed the reverse way. The betting at the start was 6 to 1 against Lee, who had the Middlesex side. Lee had a little the best of the start, and in the first 100 yards had got a lead of two lengths, and was rowing in dashing style. Beach, on the contrary, was deliberate and cool, but he was sculling an enormously powerful stroke of 37 to the minute to Lee's 40. Gradually the Australian overhauled the American, and came up even with him for the first time when off the ship. Lee here began pulling over toward the Surrey side. It was a very awkward move on the part of the American, but Beach several times gave way. Off Mortlake brewery Lee again pulled toward the Surrey side. This time Beach refused to budge, and a foul resulted, which Beach claimed by holding up his hand. Then the Australian put on steam and quickly left Lee, getting two lengths lead at Queen's Head Hotel. Lee seemed to accept his defeat philosophically after the foul, which very likely was due to his tremendous efforts to defeat his antagonist in the first mile, resulting in erratic steering. The rest of the race was simply a procession, and Beach won by four lengths in 17 minutes 46 seconds. Lee's time was 17 minutes 52 seconds.

Fourth Heat—The fourth was between William Beach, of Australia, and George Bubcar, of England. Beach led Bubcar throughout the heat and won as he pleased by a clear six lengths. A foul occurred during the race, which both men claimed. The betting was 6 to 1 on Beach. His time was 18 minutes 38 seconds.

Fifth Heat—The fifth was between John Teemer, of the United States, and Nell Matterson. Teemer was almost as big a favorite for the second heat as Beach was for the first, 5 to 1 being offered on him. The men got off together, and remained on a level during the first 200 yards. Matterson then began to forge ahead, and soon led by a length, when he crossed over and took Teemer's water. Teemer closed up and touched Matterson's boat, thus winning the race on a foul. Teemer afterward got clear of Matterson, who stopped, dead beat, at Barnes' Bridge. Teemer continued to the line, finishing alone.

Sixth Heat—The sixth and deciding heat was rowed over the regular Thames course from Putney to Mortlake between William Beach, of Australia, and John Teemer, of the United States, Beach won. The weather was brilliant and most favorable for the race. The tide was fast in the right direction and the wind was light. There was not even a ripple on the water. The crowd that witnessed the race was the greatest that ever gathered along the Thames course. Both men appeared punctually at the time fixed for the race, but the start was delayed by the tumber of small craft which covered the course. At last everything was ready and the signal given. Teemer, rowing 36 strokes to the minute, was the quickest at starting, but Beach, pulling a 38 stroke, caught up with him almost instantly and in a short time, when opposite Duke's Head, led him by half a length. At Walden's, Beach had increased his lead to two lengths. Teemer here spurred with the utmost gameness, but without avail, Beach, without increasing the rate of his stroke, kept his advantage, and at Hammersmith Bridge was four lengths in advance. Teemer was then rowing a hopeless stern race, though still working pluckily to lessen the distance between him and the Australian. From this point Beach almost paddled home, winning with great ease by ten lengths. Authorities declared Beach to be the greatest sculler that has been seen in England. He looked to-day as though he could row ten miles at racing speed. The betting on Beach at the start was 2 to 1, but this was increased when the rowers reached Hammersmith Bridge to 20 to 1.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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W. G., Boston.—No.
H. M. C., Boston.—No.
G. S. P., Burnside, Ky.—No.
S. W. B., Alpena, Mich.—No.
D. L., Whitby, Ont.—A wins.
S. G. W., Halifax, N. S.—Yes.
ALICE H., New York.—S wins.
H. H., Cooke, Montana.—A wins.
G. B. H., Syracuse, N. Y.—Once.
G. H., West Wheeling, Va.—Paddy Ryan.
F. S., Dakota.—Maud S. was foaled in 1874.
J. M., Macon, Ga.—Sixes are high at poker dice.
S. W., Hamilton, Canada.—Harry Gilmore. 2. No.
P. A., Lockport.—It is not entitled to a run on sequence.
D. S. B., Brownsville, Tex.—Three sixes beat three aces.
W. H., Egypt, Ill.—You cannot build off the table in casino.
J. A. H., Hazelton, Pa.—Billy Edwards was born in England.
C. M. M., Lansing, Mich.—H and C must decide the dispute.
A. C., Seattle, W. T.—D. M. Sullivan is no relation to John L.
D. J. H., Charleston, S. C.—Jack Dempsey was never defeated.
E. G. E., Brooklyn.—Send for the life of John L. Sullivan, price 25 cents.

T. F., Chelsea, Mass.—It is doubtful if any one can accomplish such a feat.

P. O., Okmulgee, I. T.—The contest was decided a draw, and all bets are off.

R. J., New York.—Coal was discovered in America at Ottawa, Ill., in 1699.

J. S., Philadelphia.—Send for "The Sporting Man's Companion" to this office.

J. I. C., Creston, Iowa.—Write to Joe Acton, Pastime Park, Philadelphia.

C. H., Toronto, Canada.—The Ironclad Dunderberg was launched July 29, 1863.

W. E. K., Scranton, Pa.—Write to Wm. F. Cody, "Wild West," Staten Island.

R. S., Ottawa.—Send for the "Sporting Man's Companion," price, 25 cents.

W. G., Norfolk, Va.—Samuel Collier is living at Rockaway and keeps a saloon.

S. D., Quincy, Ill.—Mike Cleary was born in Queens county, Ireland, in 1837.

D. W. C., Halifax.—George Brown did beat Wm. Scharff in a match for \$2,000.

H. H., Syracuse, N. Y.—We have never heard of the party you mention. 2. No.

S. E., Harper's Ferry, Va.—John L. Sullivan was born on Oct. 15, 1858, at Boston.

P. H. S., Far Rockaway.—Yes, the "Sporting Man's Companion" contains all records.

J. A. R., New York.—Ellingsworth challenged Dempsey to fight for \$2,500, not \$5,000.

G. H., Chicago.—Send 25 cents for the "Sporting Man's Companion" to this office.

D. J., Richmond, Va.—A referee's decision is final in all cases and there is no appeal.

B. G., Weber Co., Iowa.—If you desire to arrange a match you must send on a forfeit.

Mons. Lzon, Marshalltown, Ia.—There are no authentic records for endurance club swing.

O. R., Ottawa, Canada.—The piece of lemon mixed with alum water is a very good thing.

N. J., Shady Side, Va.—H. Hutchins ran 131½ yards in 13¼ seconds at Sheffield, in April, 1882.

C. F., Buffalo, N. Y.—Neither wins; the game is a draw. A and B should play off to decide the wager.

J. W., Boston.—Tom Savers and John C. Heenan fought on April 17, 1860, at Farnborough, England.

H. E. A. D., Syracuse.—Mitchell only knocked Sullivan down once. Sullivan did claim he slipped down.

W. E. C., Fishdale, Mass.—The computed distance from Cleveland, O., to New Orleans, La., is 1,132 miles.

M. H. W., Jackson, Miss.—Jon Maco was never beaten by Tom Allen. They only fought once and Maco won.

M. C., Springfield, Mass.—You had better advertise in the Police Gazette if you require such a position.

G. W., Spooner, Wis.—Grover Cleveland had the popular vote. 2. The party who turned the jack of hearts won.

J. M., Lindsay.—Any man who runs for money or contends against a professional loses his amateur standing.

S. R., Cleveland, Ohio.—I. Robinson McLaren better known as George Thompson, was a pugilist. 2. He died Oct. 25, 1868.

H. L., Far Rockaway.—H wins, Rowell made the record when Patrick Fitzgerald beat him, and covered 610 miles 230 yards.

D. C., St. John, N. B.—James Ten Eyck did beat Wm. Scharff at Peekskill, on the Hudson, N. Y., before Brown defeated Scharff.

H. W., Pottsville, Grant county, Wis.—I won the stakes in the first place by your opponent's non appearance. 2. You win.

F. P., Chicago, Ill.—I. Tom Savers was a middle-weight pugilist. 2. Walter Brown defeated Hamill at Pittsburg, Pa., on May 21, 1867.

M. B., Lady Pole, Neb.—Stanton, the English bicycle rider, rode 1,000 miles in 6 days, 18 hours a day, on February 25 to March 2, 1878.

L. M., Laramie City.—Mike McCool never knocked Tom Allen out of time. 2. Charley Norton is one of the retired light-weight champions.

M. C., Akron, Ohio.—Hanlan is not the champion oarsman of the world. 2. Beach is the champion of the world, while Hanlan is only champion of America.

N. O., Joliet, Ill.—Judges of a horse race or a trotting contest have the power to declare the bets off, because turf rules governing give them full power to do so.

S. A., Felda, Mich.—The Brighton Beach Racing Association ended the racing season of 1884, on Dec. 18. 2. 648 races were run and there were 175 days racing.

E. F., Memphis.—I. P. T. Barnum's circus appeared at the American Institute in 1873, 76, 77, '78, '79, and '80. 2. Blondin the tight-rope walker is 61 years of age.

B. A., Milwaukee.—I. You are correct as Charley Wood, the English jockey, had more mounts than Fred Archer during the English racing season of 1884. 2. No.

D. H., Portland, Me.—No one can object to a pedestrian wearing spiked shoes in walking unless it is specified in the articles of agreement that they must not be used.

M. A. C., New Brunswick.—I. Yes. 2. Yes. 3. Any man who runs for money or against a professional is no longer an amateur. 4. No. 5. Send 60 cents and we will mail the book.

W. K., Central City.—I. Stewart was credited with running 100 yards in 9½ seconds, but it is doubtful if he ever accomplished the feat. 2. Johnson's 9 4-5 is the best on record.

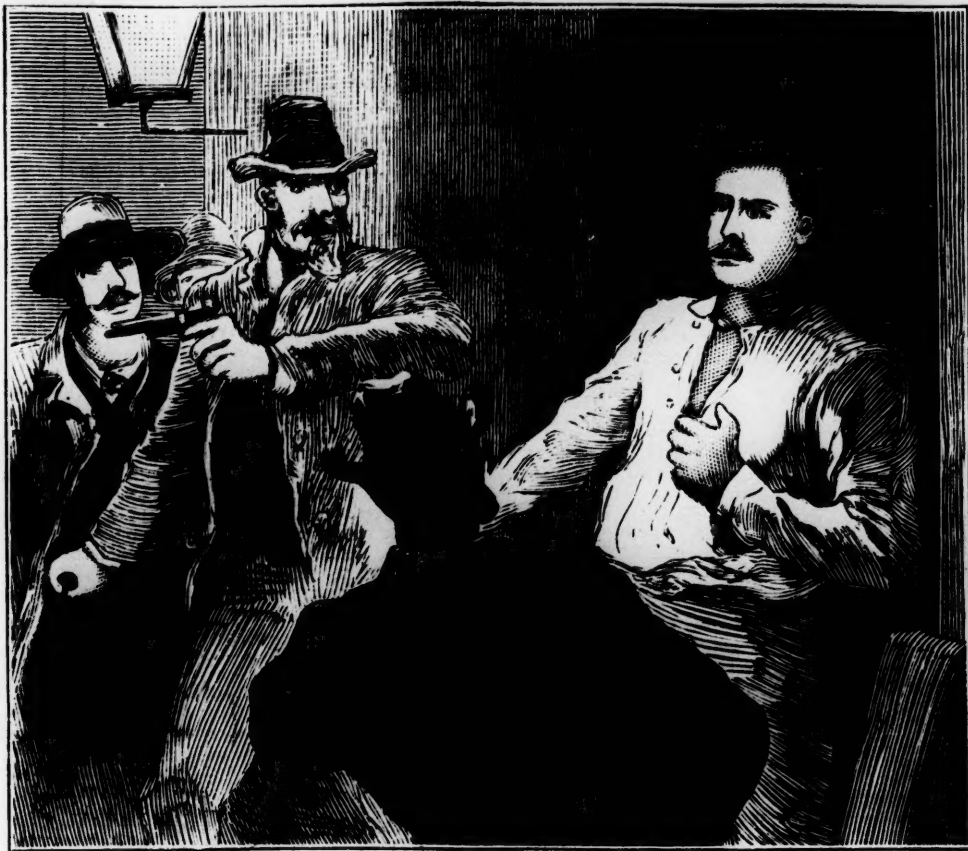
D. S., St. Paul, Minn.—I. Jack Broughton was champion of England from 1740 to 1750. 2. Billy Mulligan, of New York, was killed by a policeman at San Francisco on July, 1863.

L. S., Boston.—John Teemer beat George W. Perkins, champion of England, on the Thames, from Hammersmith to Kew, on Aug. 30, 1886, and he defeated Nell Matterson of Australia, on Aug. 31, over the same course.

D. M., Anconada, M. T.—Chas. Freeman, the American giant, died at Westminster Hospital, London, Eng., on Oct. 22, 1845. In 1860 John C. Heenan, while visiting England, had a monument erected to Freeman's memory. 2. Yes.

I. J., Port Huron, Mich.—A round means when a pugilist is either knocked down by a blow or thrown by his antagonist; then the men are taken to their corners and allowed 30 seconds before time is called for the next round.

T. H., Superior City.—I. John S. Prince won a four mile race against four separate trotting horses on the Carolina Fair Association Ground, at Charlotte, N. C., on May 25, 1885, making one mile and four yards in 2:35½. 2. W



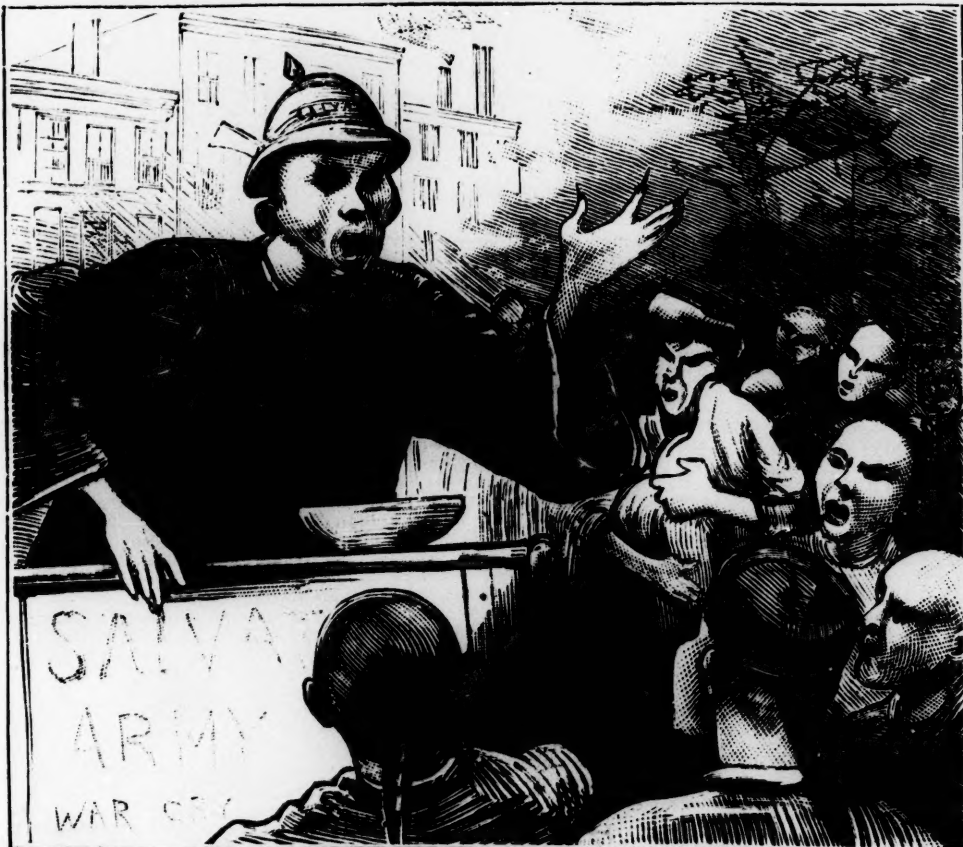
THEY COULDN'T GET IN THAT WAY.

A MOB OF WOULD BE LYNCHERS FAIL TO CAPTURE THE DE SOTO COUNTY JAIL, MISSISSIPPI.



THEY DYNAMITED HIM.

HOW INDIGNANT CITIZENS OF AUGUSTA, GA., SHOWED THEIR DISAPPROVAL OF A CHINAMAN.



QUEUERIOUS RECRUITS.

THE SAN FRANCISCO SALVATION ARMY ENLISTS A LOT OF MONGOLIAN CONVERTS.



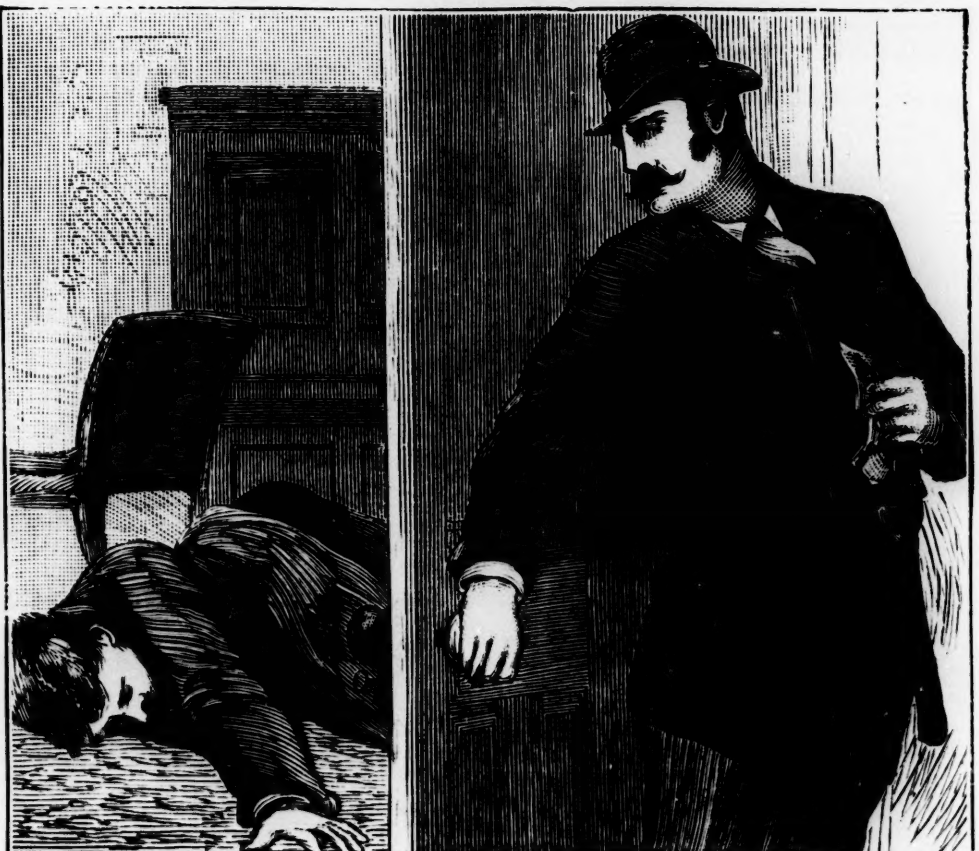
THEY CHANGED THEIR QUARTERS.

A COUPLE OF INMATES OF THE BEDFORD, IND., JAIL MAKE A SUDDEN ESCAPE.



THEY LOST THEIR HEADS.

THE DREADFUL ADVENTURE OF THREE YOUNG LADIES ON A RAILROAD TRESTLE AT SAUK CENTRE, MINN.



HE ANSWERED THE "AD."

HOW W. H. HAMILTON OF CHICAGO WAS TAKEN IN AND DONE FOR BY J. H. RAYMOND, A CONFIDENCE SHARP.



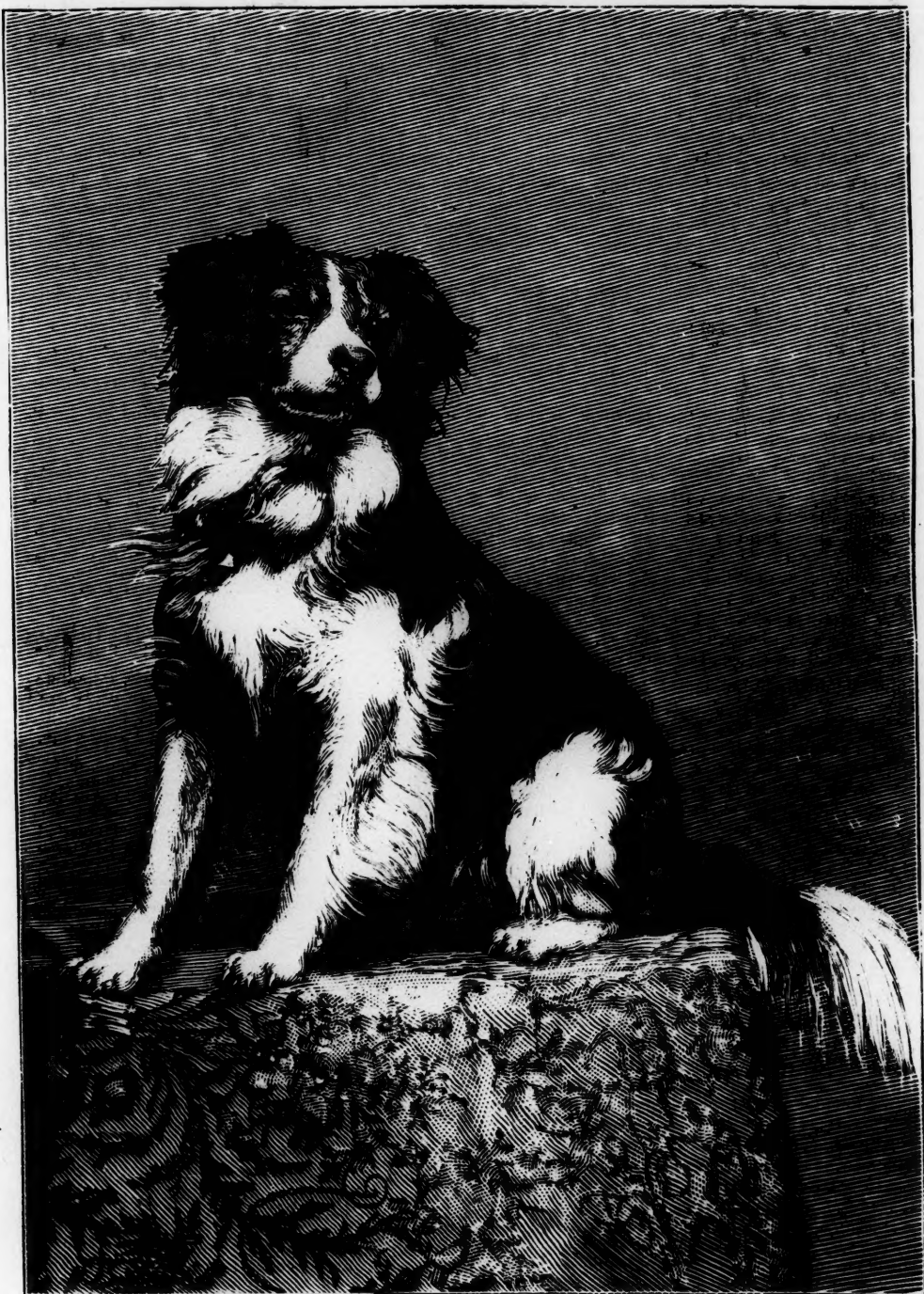
CHARLES G. SOLLERS,
THE CHAMPION THREE-YEAR-OLD PET OF
PENNSYLVANIA.



PROFESSOR J. DE SILVER,
THE PROPRIETOR OF THE CELEBRATED PER-
FORMING DOG MAJOR.



WILLIAM BRADBURN,
THE NOTED BOXER NOW MATCHED TO FIGHT FRANK HERALD.



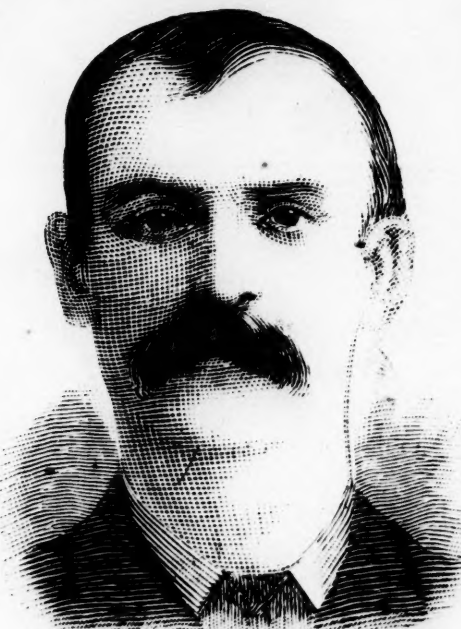
MAJOR,
THE WONDERFUL SPEAKING DOG OWNED BY PROFESSOR DE SILVER.



JOHN KNIFTON,
THE ENGLISH PUGILIST MATCHED TO FIGHT JIM SMITH FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP
OF ENGLAND.



GEORGE COVINGTON,
THE CELEBRATED JOCKEY WHO NOW RIDES FOR
THE LONE STAR STABLE.



ISAAC COOMAS,
A FAMOUS ALL-ROUND ATHLETE OF FENNI-
MORE, WISCONSIN.

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of the Country.



John J. Remsen,

whose portrait is here given, was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., about thirty-five years ago, and commenced his career on the ball field in 1865, when he captained an amateur club, the Wladans, of his native city. For the five following seasons he was connected with prominent amateur organizations of Brooklyn, generally filling the position of centre field. His professional career commenced in 1871, when he played with the Atlantics, of Brooklyn, filling the left-fielder's position and leading in batting in the championship contests of that club. Remsen guarded centre field for the Atlantics during the two following seasons, and filled the same position for the Mutuals, of this city, in 1874, the Hartford Club in 1875, '76, and the St. Louis Browns in 1877. Remsen's next professional engagement was with the Chicago Club, with which he played during 1878, '79. He was engaged in business pursuits in 1880, but re-entered the professional arena the following year as a member of the League team of Cleveland, O. In the season of 1882 Remsen played in Fort Wayne Ind., and he was also connected with the professional club of that city in 1883, filling the position of centre field, captain and manager. He played with the same club in 1884, and in 1885 he captained and managed the Hartford Club, and occupied the same position for the greater part of the present season. Remsen has won for himself a brilliant record as an outfielder, having the best average in that respect in the League championship contests of 1878. During his fifteen seasons' connection with professional clubs, Remsen, moreover, has always maintained an enviable reputation as an honorable, hardworking and reliable player.

Nash is rapidly developing into one of the best.

Pfeffer has a snug little record of seven home runs to his credit.

Oh! that wreck of that once proud representative team of Gotham.

If ever a club went headlong to —, that club is the aggregation from New York.

The Chicagoans made no mistake when they engaged young Flynn, as he is a dandy on Dandyville.

Irwin, the pitcher of the Cincinnati Club, only has one eye, but, holy mackerel, how he can see out of it.

Jack Sneed found out to his sorrow that it was no easy matter to live down his unpopularity in Memphis.

Fred. Lewis is once more in bad repute. This time he was blacklisted for a cowardly attack on L. D. John Reilly.

What is the matter with Deacon? Certainly the Detroiters are not going to class him among the played out plugs.

Gaffney is handling the Washington Club in fine form, and is in a fair way to become a great favorite in that city.

It is a difficult matter to tell which is the most anxious, the league to get Pittsburg or Pittsburg to get in the league.

It is claimed that Mickey Welch is a somnambulist. We must cut a great figure wandering around in his night clothing.

Orator Shaffer has been shooting off his mouth in great shape over the "white feather club" as he calls the Savannahs.

Old Foghorn Bradley did not last long in the American Association, as he is merely a sorry wreck of his once former self.

Harry Weldon is with the Browns on their present Eastern trip, and he expects to paint the town when he strikes New York.

Those three mascots, Little Petey, big Jimmy and skinny Georgie, were the ruin of the New Yorks on their late Western tour.

The champion Atlantics came to the front in great shape toward the latter end of the season and won the pennant with hands down.

Barnie dropped Conway, because he didn't have the sand to stay there the full nine innings. He is one of your regular spurt catchers.

Hecker is still living in vague hope of catching on to that brown stone front. Oh! what a chump the Louisville people did play him for.

McE. Mick, of the Chicagoans, is a rattling fine pitcher and a decidedly clever fellow, but he is having hard luck with the stick all the same.

The Atlantics are looking ahead just a little bit, as they anticipate viewing the championship of the Southern League in 1887 and 1888.

The Philadelphia are a fine lot of plums. They play like diamonds against the New Yorks and then get all broken up when they go West.

If Dalrymple carries his threat into execution and retires to his farm in Dakota, it will make a gap in the Chicago Club that will be hard to fill.

Bill Taylor is again heard from. He is now at Mt. Carmel, Pa., where he is doing most admirably in the absence of his old associate—fire water.

Long John Reilly lost his head recently and so far forgot himself as to refuse to accept an apology offered by Guy Hecker for hitting him with a pitched ball.

What is the matter with Ed. Williamson? He is not hitting the ball for a cent this season, and he used to be a dandy with the stick. Is he losing his grip?

Big Bill Phillips broke little Kilroy's heart by making three two-base hits from off his delivery in one game. It brought tears to the eyes of the youngster.

If the Maroons had played ball in the early part of the season, as they are doing now, they would have chopped down the big records of the leaders in great shape.

The prospects are excellent for the Danbury Club joining the Connecticut State League next season.—Danbury News. Yes, but where is the State League?—Exchange.

One Jonah is bad enough, but when it comes to lugging three around it is no wonder the New Yorks had the stuffing knocked out of them on their recent Western trip.

Watkins, of the Detroiters, is a great winner, but about the worst loser in the country. He is even worse than Jim Gifford and to out-beef "Gif" he has to be simply rank.

Watkins does the official scoring for the Detroit Club, and, strange as it may seem, not one of the members of that club has made any complaint of not being credited with all of their hits.

Little Gilligan made a holy show of himself in Kansas City by refusing to go to the bat until his piece of timber, which had been stolen, was returned. He delayed the game about ten minutes.

Poor Sam Kimber is once more out of a job. Sam is a good pitcher, but a better crank, and he has lost more positions through his crankiness than all the other pitchers in the country put together.

Since Joe Start quit the business Ezra B. Sutton is the only man left in the arena who is over one hundred years of age. He has only been an active ball player, however, for the past eighty years.

The oppressive superiority displayed by Dunlap is the very thing which upset the St. Louis Club during two-thirds of the present season. Unless he is held in check he will break up the Detroit Club in the same way.

Many of the ball players brought the national game into bad repute throughout the Southern League cities by their rowdy and loafish conduct. It would have been a good idea to have tarred and feathered a few of the ringleaders.

Meister gets his quiet little \$300 a month for holding down the second bag for Wiman, who also was bled by the Hartforders \$750 for his release. Baseball is expensive: still it suits the fancy of the big millionaire and he has it at any price.

The Detroit Club are getting great praise throughout the country for paying Jim Manning his salary while he was laid up. They would have been a contemptible set of hounds had they not paid it, as Manning broke his arm while in their employ.

Boston's captain-manager is the only Morrill man in the profession. He doesn't drink, smoke, chew, swear, kick, or in any form have any of the vices peculiar to Boston. In fact, he is the living exemplification of Mark Twain's "Don't."—St. Louis Republic.

The umpire who does not give all close decisions to the Cowboys, while umpiring in Kansas City, might just as well say his prayers before going on the ground, as it is dollars to cents that he will have to be carried off the field if he makes a bad break against the home club during the game.

Sullivan, of the Memphis Club, has fallen upon a bed of down, and does not care whether school keeps or not. He has been blacklisted, but what is that in comparison to marrying a rich widow with a fine saloon. The fact is "Sully's" working days are over, as it is only laborers who work.

Veale was a trifle careless in a recent game at Syracuse, but it will not occur again. The management of the Toronto Club fined him \$100, and he is now kept busy guessing if the fine is going to go. If ever a man played ball he is doing it now, in a vague hope of having the fine revoked.

The Eastern League schedule committee seem to be having a monkey and parrot time about arranging a schedule. It generally takes about a week to arrange a two weeks schedule. Recently they labored at Bridgeport until 4 A. M. without being able to agree upon a single game and then postponed the meeting for several days to get the swelling out of their heads.

Of course the sheriff was not greased at Ridgewood on Sunday, but nevertheless he was on the ground before the game commenced, and never ordered the game to be stopped until after four thousand people had paid their entrance fee and enough innings had been played to call it a game, and thus prevent the people from claiming their money. Great head has the sheriff.

Is it any wonder the American Association players have better fielding records than the League players? For example, Crane of the Washingtons, got 20 errors in the League record—14 of which were bases on balls, 5 wild pitches and one fielding error. It was one of the most wretched exhibitions of pitching ever witnessed. Nevertheless, by the American Association rules he gets but one error.

Luck attended Waterbury at Bridgeport on Saturday, in Jersey City on Monday and in Newark Tuesday. It is the luckiest club in the league.—Newark Journal. Of course it's all luck; didn't the Bridgeport Standard say the same day: "The Waterburys have such luck that if they didn't get a hit they would probably win."—Waterbury American.

One of the worst bluffs that has ever been made in baseball circles is Atlanta's threat to go into the American Association. Why, they could not get into that professional body for love nor money. The American Association club managers just know a thing or two about travelling, and they are a trifle too shy to be caught in a snap of that sort. What, jump all the way to Atlanta on a \$65 guarantee? It is going to be a pretty cold day when the Atlantics get into the Association.

Joe Simmons again amused everybody on the ball ground Tuesday by his antics. He worked his fingers, twisted his legs, flourished his handkerchief, pulled his mustache and contorted himself generally. And still his club played just the same as if he wasn't there. Joe is bound to be seen if he can't be heard. All he needs now is a hand organ alongside of him to make the farce complete.—Mad Newark Journal.

That was a rich game the Detroiters played at Garrett Monday. The Garrettites knew little about playin', and they were so scared by the mighty Detroiters that they couldn't play what little they did know. Secretary Leadley accompanied the club to Garrett and umpired the game. Charley Bennett had a pleasing custom of knocking the ball over the rear fence and then requesting the umpire to call it foul so he could get another crack at the sphere.—Exchange.

Glascock is in great demand. He is wanted in New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Kansas City, Washington, Brooklyn, Louisville and other cities too numerous to mention, but the St. Louis people are stuck on him and will not let him go. The man evidently must have some great merit or he would not be in such demand. They say he is a great drawing card, but then that can hardly be true or the dime museum people would have him in the winter.

Every one knows what a patient man Mike Walsh is, and he will stand a good deal before exercising his authority. When, however, Latham, who was perfectly helpless in front of Terry, in Thursday's St. Louis Brooklyn game, was a second time called out on strikes, he was very abusive to the umpire, threw his hat on the ground and danced around like a peevish boy, much to the amusement of the crowd, who leered and laughed at him. Walsh's patience gave out, and he imposed a fine on Latham for disputing his decision.—Exchange.

It is a wonder Mickey Welch does not drop dead of fright some time when he is facing a big batsman. While in Detroit he was so much afraid that he would get left and lose his reputation for effectiveness, that he gave big Brothers his base four times on balls and it resulted in three runs being scored. What was the result? Welch saved his reputation as a pitcher and the New Yorks lost the game. In the first Chicago game Mr. Welch once more protected his reputation at the expense of the New York Club, as he gave ten men their bases on balls, and the Chicagoans scored seven runs, only one of which was earned. Is it not about time that this base on ball business was stopped?

The Newark "Journal" has puffed and bragged so much over the "Little Giants" that it takes their defeat by Waterbury Tuesday greatly to heart, and turns its wrath upon the players in this wild Western style: "Will the Newark team of 1886 break their enviable record, or make it stronger? Is the vital question just at present. If they continue to play ball as they did yesterday, they will be obliged to substitute the title of 'Dwarfs' for 'Giants'; they will lose their prestige and sink to the level of an ordinary every-day semi-professional club, and a dizzy one at that. Any amateur club would have been ashamed of such a game. The frequent instances of poor playing on the part of the team can in no way be charged to the management. The fault lies with the nine itself."—Waterbury American.

There are no bedbugs on the Manchester scribes, for no matter how brilliant a game their club may play, if they lose, they played a most brilliant game against the Rochesterers and were only beaten by a single run, and this is the reception they got from the Mirror: "With members of a ball team just recovering from the effects of a drunken debauch, nothing short of a defeat in a game played the day after could be expected, hence, no one need be surprised to read the score—Rochester 5, Manchester 4." We are naturally inclined to be suspicious and we can't help but suspect this scribe of having twenty-five to fifty cents bet on the home club, and that he is sore because he lost his money. It is just the heavy betters of this description that do all the squealing when they lose their money.

The latest thing in the way of cheap books is a complete, unabridged and illustrated edition of "The Count of Monte-Cristo," just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, in a large octavo volume of six hundred pages, for fifty cents only at retail, and copies will be sent by them to any one on receipt of price per mail, postpaid.

Richard K. Fox, New York.

DEAR SIR—In regard to our ad. of "Draw Poker," that ran three weeks in the POLICE GAZETTE, we would say that we advertised the same four weeks in weekly Courier-Journal, weekly Inter-Ocean, weekly Toledo Blade, and two or three other large weeklies; also in Alden's Indiana List of papers and Pennsylvania List. The replies received naming POLICE GAZETTE equalled in number that of all others combined. Yours truly, FRANKLIN P. CO.

Example: Cost of all together was \$386. Request 14 lines in POLICE GAZETTE three times at \$1.00 per line, \$42, and you have—cost, \$428 of all others combined.

The Herrington Pocket Type-Writer Co. of Wareham, Mass., write on Sept. 6, 1886: "Your paper pays first-class."

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Correspondents abroad are cautioned against sending foreign postage stamps, which are useless as a remittance, post office orders can invariably be obtained and should be used exclusively.

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